



Heart Whispers

Illustrations by

ADCOCK





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Book 1 111

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J. P. Adcock

HEART WHISPERS

BY

JAMES PRINGLE ADCOCK

If Adcock knew that aught included here
From Beauty's eye would start the guilty tear,
Or lead gay Youth, on some unguarded day,
From honor, truth and virtue's golden way,
These early lays, though sacred to his breast,
In cold Oblivion's lap should sink to rest.

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INTRODUCTION

Since rhyme becomes the sport of idle men,
All have a right to wield the poet's pen.
The peasant wakes and sings in hope of fame,
While ev'ry coquette writes to sign her name;
The plow-boy, rude and ever reckoned dull,
In verse decants the contents of his skull;
The cobbler, fond of plaudits loud and long,
In folly's ear pours out his venal song;
Earls, barons, lords and peers grow fond of praise,
And serawl in rhyme the remnant of their days,
While the pert urchin, scarce foregone his nurse,
Ransacks his fancy for immortal verse.
Now, since such idlers might in safety sing,
I tried and found my muse could flap her wing.
Then was my fruitless task of verse begun,
And he who reads may see what I have done.

—A.

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PREFACE

When I pause to consider the many disadvantages under which I labored in the composition of these poems, regardless of the entreaties of my friends, I feel a serious inclination to consign them to the flames, but I have at last secured the consent of my mind to suffer their publication, and if my most generous reader should meet with but one beautiful line in this brief volume he may truly ascribe its origin to genius and not learning, for I trust no one will ever attempt the acquisition of poetic renown with less than I have shared of the latter.

I have not calculated to excite the admiration of the literary world by the publication of these, my early effusions, but if I shall be fortunate enough to furnish my friends with a few hours pleasant reading my need is accomplished.

I began this unprofitable trade of rhyme in early life and had I exercised my better judgment by keeping my compositions from the press I might thereby have conferred a great favor on the reading public, for I am conscious of my error in presenting these miserable fragments of poetic composition to the public gaze and can expect only to merit criticism on my noblest endeavors.

I have sought to treat no subject of vast importance in this volume and have not deemed it prudent to prolong any of my compositions to extraordinary length. While a few poets have been really too brief, it is to be feared that a great number have wasted much of their time and wearied the reader with repetitions.

I have sought to imitate no one nor have I been sanguine enough to labor in hope of discovering some rare and fertile island in the much-traversed ocean of poetic literature for many have ventured on that dangerous sea and toiled under the impression that they were erecting the foundation for some great nation of thought, when they were only making preparation for shipwreck on their homeward voyage.

In conclusion, if the public, after a thorough perusal of these short and imperfect poems, fails to discover one spark of real poetic genius, it will do their author no injustice to throw them aside with contempt and he, in future years, will string his harp to nobler numbers or rest his pen in the lap of Oblivion.

Sylvan Croft, May 5, 1905.

—A.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

STANZAS ON REVISITING THE PLAY GROUND OF EARLY YOUTH.

A few days since I viewed the scene
To Childhood's heart so dear,
And Fancy leaped the gulf between
That happy morn and here.
One moment thro' my careless heart
The gleams of pleasure stole;
I watched the clouds of Time depart,
Felt sunshine in my soul.
Childhood's bright morn came rushing back
With all its happy hours;
Once more beside Life's future track
Lay Fancy's fragrant flow'rs.

Again youth's lithsome heart was mine,
And ev'ry wish the same;
I knelt at Love's propitious shrine
And wooed eternal fame.
All that of joy I ever knew—
All that I e'er possessed—
In one brief moment bounded thro'
My wildly throbbing breast.
When Fancy's tints grew dim and pale,
And Reason's sway began,
I found, lone, wand'ring in the vale,
A sober, bearded man.

I went to see the stream again
That came from 'neath the hill;
It seemed no older now than then,
And wandered onward still.

HEART WHISPERS

There in its bed, half hid in sand,
The same round pebbles lay.
I placed them there with glowing hand
In childhood's happy day.
I stood to watch the wavelets leap
And fret and foam along,
And heard, far off in woodland's deep,
The same old blackbird's song.

Near by, beneath the grape vine bower,
I found the ground bird's nest
Where I had played for many an hour
With gladness in my breast.
High in the vines the mock-bird wrought
Nor woke one soothing tone;
The hazle-bush, the blue jay thought
Reserved for her alone.
The wary crow cawed in the glen,
Her shaggy nest was there,
And in the rocks the brown-backed wren
Had heaped up wool and hair.

Those spreading trees and their deep shade
Awoke affection's fire,
For there my first attempt was made
To tune the poet's lyre.
That morn was bright, the soft winds blew,
The woodland, earth and sky
Appeared in robes of matchless hue
To my enraptured eye.
There, all alone with solitude,
In boyhood's cloudless day,
On half-strung harp in numbers rude,
I woke my early lay.

The woodland choir in those bright hours
Poured music from the trees,
While far away sweet scented flowers
Shed fragrance on the breeze.

HEART WHISPERS

I paused to read each deathless name
On Time's unwinding scroll,
And felt the ceaseless love of fame
Fast kindling in my soul.
But I forgot, my simple theme
Is loit'ring far behind,
And I've again let Fancy's gleam
Allure away my mind.

I turned to view the mossy mound,
O'er which affection grieves;
My castle stones lay scattered round
Among the withered leaves.
I found my seat—a thing one needs
In Life's exciting race—
'Twas so o'er grown with ugly weeds
I scarcely knew the place.
In years gone by I used to plan
And rear my castles there,
And I'm, though I've become a man,
Still building in the air.

There lay the oak, whose mighty form
I thought long years ago,
Would well defy the passing storm
When I shall slumber low.
I thought it would be sweet to rest
Within its ample shade
When death had stilled my heaving breast,
And Time was duly paid.
Yes, in its shade I'd thought to find
A cold couch for my clay,
And let the herd of humankind
Go bustling on its way.

HEART WHISPERS

IN YEARS GONE BY.

Far back in happy years gone by,
When pleasure, life and love were new,
I gazed into thy soft blue eye,
And smiled to think its glances true.

Thy love, thy earnest love, for me
A sunbeam o'er my pathway shed.
Our souls were happy then, and we
Dreamt not of thorns concealed ahead.

STANZAS ON SPRING.

The distant sun smiles o'er the earth,
Where late grim Winter trod.
The lark ascends in heartfelt mirth,
To praise creation's God.

The cawing crow deserts the glen
To search the meadow's breast,
She finds her straw, then seeks again
Her new, unfinished nest.

The blue-jay builds among the trees
Near by my cottage door.
The sparrow, still more hard to please,
Surveys the rose-bush o'er.

LINES.

Written in reply to a beautiful poem by William Cullen Bryant,
entitled "The Murdered Traveler."

Yes, many are the trav'ler's bones
That whiten in the sun,
In woodlands deep, by mossy stones,
Where robb'ry's work was done.

HEART WHISPERS

On hills and wastes and by the brooks,
Which o'er their pebbles play'd,
Has murder deep in secret nooks
His bleeding victims laid.

The vulture by stern famine prest,
Closed his broad pinions near,
And feasted on the lifeless breast
A mother held so dear.

The hungry wolf has dared to sneak
From out his lair of rest,
And tear away the silent cheek,
A fond maid's lip had prest.

The bluejay's song beside the brook,
The sad dove's solemn moan,
Have echoed o'er the dreary nook
Where their cold limbs were thrown.

To woodland's wild to rear her nest
The crow was wont to flee,
Not knowing that a trev'ler's breast
Lay mould'ring 'neath her tree.

The sad, sad owl, when Darkness spread
Her mantle o'er the vale,
Perched on the rocks above the dead,
To pour her nightly wail.

At closing day by many a hearth
Is seen the vacant chair;
And silence reigns, tho' joy and mirth
Once held dominion there.

O'er many a young wife's ruddy cheek
The burning tears have run,
And many a mother, wan and weak,
Wept o'er her absent son.

HEART WHISPERS

The fond young maid, for years unblest,
Her ceaseless vigil kept
Unconscious that her lover's breast
In some lone thicket slept.

MY BOYHOOD BOYS.

Oh where are they my boyhood knew,
With bosoms ever warm and true.
Yes, those gay ones with whom I played
So oft beneath the woodland's shade,
On many a bright and joyous day
When I was young, when I was gay.

Of youth's gay group a faithful few
Still, still remain to greet my view.
And may these loved of years gone by
Be left to please mine anxious eye
Till death shall seize my childish heart
And bid its last wild throb depart.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, the briny tear
Starts down my cheek, but we must part,
Thy melting voice ne'er more to hear
Unless re-echoed in my heart.
I've naught to say; I've said too much
Of woman's beauty, woman's grace.
I'm snared by ev'ry tender touch,
Enslaved by ev'ry smiling face.

Farewell, farewell, if future years
Shall e'er present one thought of me,
Let not that thought call forth thy tears,
For I shall often think of thee.

HEART WHISPERS

Yes, think of thee, whene'er I meet
With soft brown eyes and ringlets brown,
Tho' Fate demands thy quick retreat
Back, back into the smoky town.

THOSE EYES OF BLUE.

O where are those soft eyes of blue,
Those ringlets of the raven's hue;
Those smiles as sweet as ever shone;
Those pensive tears all, all my own;
Those cheeks in beauty's wildest glow;
Those lips I prest long, long ago.

I'd traverse ocean's rudest isle,
Could I but catch that loving smile;
Could I but see those locks of jet,
Those lips with boyhood's kisses wet.
Behold that eye's soft lustre shine,
Or press that heart which once was mine.

THOUGHTS

Suggested on viewing the grave of a comrade.

The round, red sun had bent him low,
To sip the western wave—
And to the hills a deeper glow
He ne'er at parting gave.
The breeze that shook the closing flower
Was soft as lover's sigh,
The woodland lawn and scented bower
Had filled the dullest eye.

HEART WHISPERS

The nightfowl steered her speedy flight,
Thro' ev'ning's skies of blue,
The mockbird from the woodland's height,
Had sung her last adieu.

Awhile in Ocean's cold embrace
To rest his aged frame,
Day's matchless monarch hid his face
And left the hills aflame.
At that soft hour I paused awhile,
Where in his bed of clay
Beneath a low and humble pile
An early comrade lay.
While gazing on the simple stone,
'Neath which his dust reclined.
These solemn thoughts like spectres lone
Stalked slowly o'er my mind.

Poor, puny man, vain, boasting form.
One short and fitful day
Inhales the breeze, sinks in the storm,
And here his limbs decay.
Here ends his proudest race and here's
The remnant of his frame,
Who bathed the world in blood and tears,
To leave himself a name.
Pale Mis'ry's child with aching head,
Here sinks in hope of rest,
And Earth's proud sons for ages tread
Across his lifeless breast.

The miser here despite his gold,
Despite his hoarded heaps,
Lies down in death and there behold
His mould'ring bosom sleeps.
Bright Beauty robed in silk and lace
Is missed in pleasure's hall,
Pale grows her cheek and o'er her face
Consumption's shadows fall.

HEART WHISPERS

The Monster grim with silent tread
Steals on his gentle prey,
But hush! yon mossy slab is spread,
Above her lifeless clay.

The child of song whose sun went down,
In Glory's hemisphere,
Regardless of his vast renown
Rests his cold bosom here.
And tho' the world, with streaming eyes,
Should bend above his frame,
Unmindful of her tears or sighs,
His heart would sleep the same.
The aimless tramp, from hunger free,
Here with the king is laid,
And doubtless is as blest as he
Whose wish one world obeyed.

The sluggard lost his fear of toil
And here began his sleep,
Here sank into his native soil
Like bubbles in the deep;
And he who shook the sword awhile
O'er half a world subdued,
Was lain on stern Helena's isle
In peace and quietude.
O'er him, but few have wasted tears,
Nor was his rest more sweet
Than his, the friend of early years,
Now slumb'ring at my feet.

'Neath where those drooping willows wave,
Red War's pale victims rest,
And at their feet the village knave
Laid down his hated breast.
A few steps back, without a stone,
His weedy mound appears,
Who laughs to scorn a widow's moan,
And scoffed her orphan's tears.

HEART WHISPERS

Poor, puny man—vain, boasting thing—
Here ends his brief career,
And he who thus essays to sing,
Ere long shall slumber here.

O THEY ARE GONE.

O they are gone! that joyous throng,
With hearts to friendship's cause so true;
But few are left to share my song,
But few to catch my last adieu.

On distant shores in foreign climes,
With hearts and feelings grown so sear.
They ne'er recall the happy times
That we in boyhood sported here.

Where once I sat I take my seat,
One moment more to feel the same;
O childhood's many sports were sweet!
But manhood is a toilsome game.

With eyes half shut I linger long,
My former feelings half renewed;
The mockbird thro' her same sweet song
Gives all her heart to solitude.

The haste and toil of manhood's reign
Now lose their pressure on my mind,
While happy visions throng my brain
Of all that boyhood left behind.

I seem to hear their trampling feet
As they renew some former game.
O childhood, childhood, bright and sweet!
But, hush, some comrade calls my name.

HEART WHISPERS

An eager thought steals o'er my brain,
A by-gone wish their sports to share,
I raise my head, 'tis all in vain,
Not one of that gay group is there.

And cheated thus, away I bound,
Half thinking yet to find them here.
But ling'ring by the play-house mound,
O let me leave one parting tear!

GOODBYE.

This sad, sad word has oft been brought
On lips in child-like play,
By firmest friends who little thought
They spoke goodby for aye.
Yea, it has come from rosy lips,
When fiery Sol had set,
That ere he rose felt death's eclipse,
And sleep in silence yet.

It has been breathed by loving maid
In Beauty's thirsting bower,
To gladsome Youth who had delayed
Too long the parting hour.
Yes, breathed when he had turned to go,
And little thinking then
That death would strike the fatal blow
Ere they should meet again.

It has been said when all the while
We watched the canvas swell,
To waft to earth's remotest isle
Some heart we loved so well.
It has been whispered at the door
By many a tender bride,
To him whose footsteps came no more
Unto his broad hearthside.

HEART WHISPERS

It has been said when Freedom's shriek
 Resounded through the air,
And hot tears came on Valor's cheek
 To leave impressions there,
Aye, said by her when bosoms met,
 That they had met their last,
Till his had faced the bayonet
 In Combat's deadly blast.

O WHY IN DREAMS.

O why in dreams dost thou appear
 With form and features still the same!
Dost thou still hold my being dear,
 And brood in fondness o'er my name?

I know not years have past away
 Since last I wooed thee in thy bower,
My mem'ry hails that brilliant day
 And whispers of that parting hour.

Hast thou in slumber's soft embrace,
 At midnight hour e'er dreamt of me?
Yes, doubtless seen my boyish face
 In all its smiles restored to thee.

If passion sleeps to wake no more,
 And hope's an exile from thy breast,
Why broods my mind in slumbers o'er,
 What once my idle heart possessed?

What fills thine eye with wonted fire,
 What brings thy cheek its former hue,
What bids thy gloomy thoughts retire,
 And thrills thy gentle heart anew?

O 'tis affection's melting flame!
 Nor need the truth to be denied.

HEART WHISPERS

In other years its presence came
A sunbeam o'er Life's swelling tide.

Then take my heart and give me thine,
Though far from thee my path may go.
Life seems a waste without a shrine,
Or one fond heart to share my woe.

I offer thee what once was mine,
It sighs for thee, it bleeds for thee,
Oh, take that heart and give me thine!
For thou art all in all to me.

SHE LOVED; SHE MUSED.

She loved; she mused; she warbled here,
When life's full tide was swelling.
And as they were these walls appear,
Ere they became her dwelling.
Now Echo wakes the sweet refrain
Her ear had heard so often,
And not in vain she breathes the strain.
My heart begins to soften.

To this same spot the zephyrs stray'd,
To bear their odors to her.
While in the shade our blushing maid
Sat smiling with her wooer.
And 'neath these trees by this low shed
They parted on the morrow.
Now he is dead and she has wed,
They tell me, to her sorrow.

I pause to muse beneath her trees—
The scene my heart impresses.
This roguish breeze I deem the breeze
That wantoned with her tresses.

HEART WHISPERS

My fancy sees this threshold near,
That figure fair and slender,
While in mine ear I seem to hear
Her whispers sweet and tender.

MIDNIGHT.

'Twas Phoebe's noon, when all alone,
Across the lawn I strolled.
The dew drops on the herbage shone
Like gems of purest gold.

The lucid lamps throughout the sky
Smiled o'er a world at rest,
And no wild zephyr wandered by
To ruffle Nature's breast.

No cloud was seen, and in the rill
Pale Phoebe's features gleamed,
While far around the winding hill
The moping owlet screamed.

The gabbling geese no longer kept
Up their discordant brawl.
The watchdog in his kennel slept
Beside the cottage wall.

The bat his plumeless pinions plied
Beneath pale Midnight's shroud.
While in the grass near by my side,
The cricket chirped aloud.

No bleatings from the hillside crept,
Where snow-white lambkins lay,
And chanticleer in silence slept
That midnight hour away.

HEART WHISPERS

WE FOOLS OF VERSE.

We fools of verse are prone to bring
Shame and disgrace upon us,
For more than half the songs we sing
Are dead ere grass grows on us.
We waste our lives, we sweat and toil,
A nation's praise to merit;
Then by some futile numbers spoil
What little we inherit.

He who would conquer for renown
Puts life to vilest uses.
And he who rhymes to please the town,
Gets much of its abuses.
E'en they from whom we hoped for praise,
Have quite another notion,
And strive to yield our feeble lays
Their doom in Lethe's ocean.

AWAY, AWAY.

Away, away, ye hopes of fame,
Ye midnight visions of renown.
Obscurity shall nurse my name,
And Silence wear my starless crown.

In by-gone years I longed to hear
My deeds on Fame's loud trumpet blown,
But now my hopes have grown so sear
That I'm content to live unknown.

What happiness, what peace of mind,
Is left for him who wins renown
By trampling down his fellow kind,
When he to his cold grave comes down?

HEART WHISPERS

What joy is kept in store for him
Whose life-long task was gath'ring gold,
When Being's lamp grows faint and dim,
And Night's deep shadows are unrolled?

What heartfelt joy or bliss remains
For him, the deathless child of song,
When life's warm current quits his veins,
And Death, pale spectre, stalks along?

I would not do the world a wrong
For Bonaparte's ill-won renown,
Or leave her one immoral song
For royal Shakespeare's shining crown.

Away, away, ye hopes of fame,
Ye childhood visions of renown,
If this be all that ye can claim,
If thus your brightest stars go down.

A FAREWELL TO BEAUTY'S BOWER.

I've played my day in Beauty's bower,
Far in the golden west.
The sun that charmed my morning hour
Now hies him down to rest.

That morn was bright, and bright the eve,
That day came forth to shine,
And few who seek Love's bower leave
With lighter heart than mine.

The playful breeze that swept the lawn
Brought odors rich and rare,
From wayside gems whose founts were drawn
To make my comforts there.

Farewell, ye maidens young and gay,
Ye charming creatures all;

HEART WHISPERS

Your loving words my mem'ry may
In future years recall.

Your smiles may rise in mem'ry's eye
On many a future day,
When bosoms that once beat so high
Are mingled with the clay.

Farewell to thee, thou fragrant bower,
Where little Mary's smile
Made beautiful life's morning hour,
And cheered my heart the while.

Her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes
A hermit might admire.
I met them and to my surprise
I found my heart on fire.

Farewell, ye bowers where Hettie played
A tireless conqueror's part,
And by no undue fondness made
A captive of my heart.

In manhood's early morn she seemed
The load-star of my way,
With eyes half closed my fancy dreamed
That such would last for aye.

Farewell, ye bowers, where other eyes
As tender and as sweet,
Spoke much of love's mysterious ties,
In language not unmeet.

Farewell, ye bowers, where Cora sang
My heart's warm raptures up,
For while her matchless music rang,
I drank from Pleasure's eup.

But now she sleeps; those songs are o'er,
In pleasure's jocund ring
Such voice I trust to hear no more,
Unless when angels sing.

HEART WHISPERS

Farewell, ye bowers where Hattie heard
My most pathetic vow,
And whispered many a tender word
That I remember now.

She might have been the poet's bride—
A secret thought to tell—
Had Fate not made the gulf too wide.
Farewell, a long farewell.

Farewell, ye bowers so brilliant, where
My pretty cousin strayed,
And with dark eyes, and darker hair,
Unequaled conquests made.

A fairer form is seldom seen,
Or smoother features met;
Her nature mild, her air serene—
What if I love her yet?

Search not my page that name to find,
'Tis absent everywhere,
For 'tis within my heart enshrined,
And I shall leave it there.

I've had my day, I leave the shades
With no reluctant tread,
Where Beauty yet the chaplet braids
For her fond lover's head.

Now others play the part I play'd,
With happiness in view,
But let them play, I won my maid,
And I am happy too.

I DREAMT OF THEE.

Last night, in slumbers soft and deep,
At midnight hour I dreamt of thee.
I thought thy heart had dared to keep,
Thro' all its cares, one thought for me.

HEART WHISPERS

Away, away, my happy heart
Then knew no bound'ry to its bliss.
Our eyes performed their am'rous part,
Our lips fulfilled love's ardent kiss.

I thought that thou and I were young,
Again enjoyed those vanished hours,
While o'er our heads the wild birds sung,
And all our pathway smil'd with flow'rs.

You seemed as in the years gone by,
When thou my youthful fancy stole,
That same bright gleam was in thine eye
Which seemed so like affection's soul.

LINES TO ———

If I could steal my heart from thee
And cast away thy spell,
Thy slave I would no longer be,
But thou art loved too well.

Thy face is pictured on my heart,
And e'en thy name is there,
The dearest thing of earth thou art—
Most charming and most fair.

My life would be all dark and drear
If it were not for thee.
Thy charms have power my soul to cheer
And bid my sadness flee.

Thy handsome face and melting voice
Make earth a Heav'n to me.
Thy smile bids my sad heart rejoice,
For I'm a slave to thee.

With thee I'd track the ocean's foam
Along its wildest shore;

HEART WHISPERS

Earth's saddest hut would seem like home,
If thou wert by its door.

Long years ago I strove to tear
My truant heart from thee,
E'en tried to place that heart elsewhere,
But still thou'rt dear to me.

'Twas all in vain, yes, all in vain.
I had not strength to quell
The fondness of my heart and brain,
For thou wert loved too well.

Where may I roam, where may I go,
And cease to think of thee?
O say if all this world below
No Lethe has for me!

O tell me of some desert place,
Or ocean-favored isle,
Where I may once forget thy face
If but a little while!

Where may I go to break the spell
That binds my heart to thine?
Where may I go and bid farewell
To all this love of mine?

Where may I find some cave, unknown
To all the human race?—
But there I could not be alone.
For there would be thy face.

Yes, thy sweet face would haunt me there,
In ev'ry midnight dream,
And I would see thy raven hair,
E'en see thy blue eyes gleam.

Could'st thou have loved in years gone by,
And pledged thy heart to me,
You might have had no cause to sigh,
Or aught to trouble thee.

HEART WHISPERS

But mine was not the face that made
Thy tender heart o'erflow;
My voice was not the voice that sway'd
Thy feelings long ago.

I had no charms thy soul to bless,
Nor one fond feeling wake,
But I must learn to love thee less,
Or my poor heart will break.

Go seek the crowd to play your part,
Where mirth and music meet;
Nor pause to think that Adcock's heart
Lies bleeding at your feet.

There may be many who admire
And think your beauties o'er,
But ne'er was Love's celestial fire
Bestowed on you before.

No other heart has ever knelt
So humbly at your feet,
And no one else has ever felt
Your thralldom so complete.

I claim of thee on Friendship's part
All that she ever gave;
But ne'er expect to share thy heart
This side the gaping grave.

Nor even there, for there, alone,
Is love, true love, forgot.
Death sits supreme on his cold throne,
And love's regarded not.

Smile on, nor think how desolate,
And how forlorn is he
Whose poor heart wrestles with its fate,
And still laments for thee.

HEART WHISPERS

WELL, I HAVE LIVED.

Well, I have lived and toiled for naught,
All, all these weary years,
And like a dream or midnight thought
The mighty past appears.

My boyhood schemes are baffled now,
And time still hastens by;
Manhood's stern look bedecks my brow,
And care sits in my eye.

I labored hard 'mid joys and woes,
Through all the cruel past,
And might toil on till life shall close,
Then sleep unknown at last.

Ere o'er my head ten years had flown
I grew in love with fame,
And when I had to manhood grown
My feelings were the same.

I fed my mind on rustic lore,
Then poured my boyish song,
And dreamt to live, when I'm no more
Amid the busy throng.

But now those golden dreams are flown,
Their destined race is run,
And on and on, thro' crowds alone,
Fate drives her hapless son.

Then, farewell Fame, farewell Renown,
I cast your spells away.
O let me to my grave go down,
To mix with kindred clay!

Unknown throughout all future time,
There, there, shall I repose;
Unsung by friend in verse sublime;
Unmourned in lifeless prose.

HEART WHISPERS

A FAREWELL TO MY PEN.

And thou must sleep, so fare thee well,
Although thy task is incomplete.
Methinks I hear thy parting knell,
While Folly mocks thy brightest sheet.
Oh! had I known in boyhood's morn
That thy rude course had ended here,
I had not looked on him with scorn
Who strove to check thy wild career.

But thou must sleep, then, fare thee well,
Go thou to Silence's peaceful breast.
'Twill cause my own sad heart to swell;
'Twill cost a tear, but thou shalt rest.
No more, perchance, while life shall last,
May I attend the Muse's call.
Then go and let Oblivion cast
Her midnight shadows for thy pall.

LINES

On resuming the same.

O worthless thing! I'd thought to let thee sleep
Throughout the rest of Life's unhappy hours,
Nor stir thee from thy slumber soft and deep,
Altho' my pathway led thro' smiling bow'rs
Where songsters sing and crystal streamlets leap,
Close by full many a bed of fragrant flow'rs.
But I have torn thee from that couch of thine,
To lay thee down no more while life is mine.

Ha! feeble thing, how sweetly hast thou slept
Since long ago I laid thee down to rest;
Since then o'er what fair fields has Fancy swept—
What visions ris'n within my burning breast.
By this thou mightst o'er many a line have crept,
Aye, many a page, had I not been distress'd.
But naught in future years shall bid us part,
Till silence wraps this wild untutored heart.

HEART WHISPERS

I'M NOT DISMAYED.

Since youth, with all its joys has fled,
And I'm no more that playful child,
My heart has changed, my hopes are dead,
My soul is sad, my thoughts are wild.

I tune my lyre through future years
To sing in notes more grave than these.
I little care who laughs or sneers,
And care still less who they may please.

Had I again my race to run,
I ne'er would choose this idle trade;
But since the task is thus begun,
Sing on, my Muse, I'm not dismay'd.

VERSES.

In answer to a poem by Thomas Moore to Lord Viscount Forbes,
and another to Thomas Hume, Esq., M. D., written
from Washington City, U. S. A.

No traveling fool need now have fears to pass,
Proud cities smile where spread the dark morass.
If foreign fools there once mistook their way,
The future may not fare so ill as they.
Our obelisks have grown till now they stand
The grandest piles e'er reared by human hand;
We have our shrines, we have our heroes now,
And to no crown are we compelled to bow.
Twice have our ensigns rode the passing breeze,
And drove John Bull back on his native seas.
On all our shores has English blood been spilt,
But yet we ask no fame on others' guilt.

HEART WHISPERS

Oh! if we then possessed no stately dome,
Stain not our fame if you left none at home.
If vice and fraud were mixed to form a curse,
Wert thou not fondled in the lap of worse?
If slav'ry reigned with all its blots and stains,
Oh! say, had'st thou not felt its galling chains?
Had'st thou not sighed o'er thy ill-fated brave,
And shed thy secret tears by Freedom's grave?
Had'st thou not used thy wit to save thy neck,
When Treason's ill-planned project came to wreck?
Why take from the same hand a worthless bone
That forced out Irish Freedom's dying groan?

O Erin, thou, the mob's own native home!
Why start thy Merry Andrews forth to roam?
Why send them here since we to vice are prone?
We build our cells for rascals of our own.
Why send them here to rage and roar about?
They fill our jails and drink distilleries out.
For, if a nation's pride e'er vexed us sore,
'Twas he who came from Erin's boasted shore.
O yes, 'twas he! that blockhead grave and pert,
That rough, rude, mingled mass of gold and dirt,
That pack-horse, with his same old striped sack,
And half a clothing house upon his back.

We have our Clay to match your deathless Pitt,
And Webster, quite o'er full of Grecian wit.
To cope with Curran's eloquence of yore
We give Vorhees, the Wabash sycamore.
If still with some a vulgar doubt may lurk,
We claim our Breckenridge a match for Burke.
Calhoun, unawed by Fox, may take his seat,
And sage Carlyle prove Gladstone's peer complete.
And if, in warlike deeds you claim the palm,
O sir! our Jackson met your Packenham,
Our Chief once entertained the English horde,
And by his kindness won Cornwallis' sword.

HEART WHISPERS

O'er these rude lines my blood has boiled too long,
While Justice asks, "Shall none dare right the wrong?"
O'er these my youthful heart in secret wept,
And since that hour its stern resentment kept,
O'er these, Affection sheds her latest tear,
And Sympathy laments to find them here.
These caused my rhymes, and if they win not fame,
They glow with truth, that sure defense from shame,
O'er these—but why thy erring verse confound,
For fav'rites givè at times a cureless wound.
As much as I admire some lays of thine,
At times thy insolence bids me repine.

I'd rather sleep forgotten in my grave,
And let the maize above my embers wave.
Yes, sleep entombed in dirty Goose Creek's bed,
With ev'ry Paddy's curse upon my head,
Than share the praise a nation might bestow
And let thy Billingsgate uncensured go.
Oh! if amid the long years yet to come,
When he who writes shall moulder cold and dumb,
Should Erin's bards but read to hate my strain,
Though I as dust ten centuries have lain,
They need not hold their rage for honor's sake—
I grant them here the privilege I take.



EXTEMPORANEOUS POEMS

OH! SCORN HIM NOT.

Oh! scorn him not, tho' thou can'st find
No comfort in his sweetest strain.
It may be that thy gentle mind
In Pleasure's lap hast ever lain.

It may be that thy soul has ne'er
By cruel Fate been made to smart.
It may be that no rival e'er
Obtained the idol of thy heart.

If tears ne'er filled thy brilliant eyes;
If sighs ne'er wrung thy heart, my dear.
I know thou can'st not sympathize
With him who poured his feelings here.

REPLY TO A LADY.

You asked me why, of recent years,
So grave and sad I seem.
I scarcely know, but life appears
A dark, unpleasant dream.

I feel that all my bliss is o'er,
In Beauty's crowded bower.
And if I e'er may woo her more
Give me a quiet hour.

When left within some deep'ning shade,
Where soft winged zephyr blows,

HEART WHISPERS

Beside some sweet and gentle maid,
My cup of bliss o'erflows.

While thus employed, my darkened mind
Plays truant with its care,
And thou alone, of all thy kind,
Could best detain me there.

TO ONE

Who asked me why I had written some sad verses.

My soul is sad, and I rehearse
Whate'er I chanced to feel.
Then ask me not why in my verse
The notes of sadness steal.

I struggled long, but all in vain,
To bid dull care depart;
But sadness now prevades my strain,
And rankles at my heart.

There was a time—but let me not
Rehearse the past to thee.
O shall not childhood be forgot!
Where now can Lethe be?

LINES

On reading Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."

Sweet Hope, 'tis thou that calms the troubled soul
When dire Misfortune's boist'rous surges roll,
And soothes the dying wanderer's weary breast . .
While yet grim Death delays to grant it rest.
How glows his cheek, what visions soothe his brain,
In whose fond bosom thou hast sought to reign.

HEART WHISPERS

The soul's dark clouds, like mists, are swept away,
Where thy bright sun impels one cheering ray.
The wave-tossed tar, when many a lonely mile
From his lone cot and own dear native isle,
One moment turns aside to dream with thee,
Tho' howling tempests sweep the darken'd sea.
But let me cease and strike the harp no more,
For mighty hands swept all its strings of yore.

TO ———.

If thou, to shun Oblivion's blight,
Hast sought to link thy name with mine,
Fond fool, the fiends of endless night,
Would mock thee for thy bold design.

If thou would'st live when Silence wraps
Thy mould'ring form in her embrace,
Cling not to him whose name, perhaps,
Shall last no longer than his face.

AN HOUR WITH THEE.

An hour with thee, how could I ask
Aught more of happiness?
I would life knew no sadder task,
Naught more of loneliness.
For I have felt, long felt, inclined
To woo that heart of thine.
And I could leave my cares behind
To make its blessings mine.

HEART WHISPERS

TO A LADY

Who asked me my reason for not attending an evening party.

Sweet lady, I've no doubt that one
In that gay circle thought of me.
Then why should I appear where none
Might wish to have me be.

Sweet lady, I have no warm heart,
On earth, perchance, no brilliant eye
To weep or sigh, should I depart
Ere ev'ning burns the sky.

Sweet lady, now my soul is sad,
I've none to share my weal or woe.
The light, warm heart that once I had
Is now no longer so.

MY HOME.

My home is now my home no more.
I feel myself an exile there,
I stand outside the bolted door,
No dwelling there; no home elsewhere.
My home—I sigh to think I've not
On all this earth that sacred spot;
No mansion neat, no fertile fields.
No glowing hearth its comfort yields.
But nowhere on the earth or sea,
Would I be homeless if with thee.

My home is now my home no more,
Not mine since it may not be thine.
The threshold where I played of yore,
Ne'er more may greet these feet of mine.
I've nothing here save in thy heart,

HEART WHISPERS

And fain would hold that sacred part.
'Tis worth Golconda's richest gem;
'Tis worth a monarch's diadem.
Aye, worth—relieved of all its cares—
The crown that good Victoria wears.

ON PARTING WITH MISS ———.

Farewell, farewell, and if we meet
On this wide earth no more,
In thunder tones let me repeat:
"We shall when life is o'er."
My future path is bright and clear,
I half forget my care,
For Fancy whispers in my ear:
"You'll know each other there."

I ASK NO POMPOUS PILE.

O sir! I ask no pompous pile
To mark the spot where I am laid.
Let Friendship's hand a little while
Strew blossoms there in ev'ning's shade.
Why rear on high the stately heap,
Where only sleeps my worthless clay?
When all that ye need wish to keep
Shall then on wings have swept away.

AFFECTION'S NOBLEST PART.

You claim Affection's noblest part,
And I would fain bestow it.
But should I let you in my heart,
All, all the world would know it.

HEART WHISPERS

And I'd be loath to leave you there,
Unguarded, unattended,
For fear I lost some jewel rare,
When thy brief stay had ended.

You claim Affection's noblest part—
'Tis something that I deal in.
You ask admittance in my heart,
While others seek to steal in.
O well! come in, but, by the way,
Some lovely ones have been there.
Alas! for in my absence they
Played dreadful havoc in there.

REPLY TO A BEAUTIFUL COUSIN

Who requested me to send her copies of some of my saddest poems.

Why ask me now for lonely lays,
Or numbers sad and slow,
When I have sung them all my days,
And still at times they flow?
Oh! never weep when thou can'st smile,
Or mourn a bubble lost.
He who deceived thy heart awhile,
Shall yet be tempest tossed.

Though he was false and broke his vow,
Whose smile gave such delight,
Go soothe thy heart, go smooth thy brow,
Thy day may yet be bright.
Who knows, sweet girl, but what thou hast
Now had thy day of gloom;
Then yield the past unto the past,
And pluck the present's bloom.

HEART WHISPERS

Thy years are few and thou art fair,
Go bid thy cares depart,
For who can tell who waits to share
The goodness of thy heart.
Sweet girl, perhaps thy flatterer scorns
Thine earnest glance to meet,
But, Oh! few flowers and many thorns
Await his heedless feet.

TO A YOUNG LADY

On giving her my picture,
Take this and when you wish to view
A Beauty's ardent lover,
Turn back the leaf of scarlet hue
And his pale face discover.
Take this and ask me not his name,
For I would blush to tell thee,
He loves thee, but 'tis quite a shame,
That such sad fate befell thee.

TAKE BACK THE FLOWERS.

Take back the flowers! take back the flowers!
Thy gift has been too long delayed.
If we had met in earlier hours
My heart had then thy wish obeyed.
Take back the flowers! nor hope to share,
What now I may not give to thee,
'Tis true thy face and form are fair,
But other eyes keep watch for me.

HEART WHISPERS

O HAD I KNOWN.

O had I known what now I know,
Ere I began to rhyme,
My pen had slept in silence low
Throughout all future time!

'Tis true, the rhymers cheat the grave
With what the world calls fame,
But better sleep 'neath Lethe's wave
Than leave so vile a name.

O LOVELY GIRL.

O lovely girl! how canst thou think
My heart to thine is not sincere,
The Grecian's cup I'd rather drink
Than cause thee shed one timid tear.

I'd rather seek some distant shore
And lay my aching head to rest,
Than drive one pang of sadness o'er
Thy gen'rous mind, thy heaving breast.

I would not cloud thy bonny brow,
Nor drive away one smile of glee,
For to my soul more dear art thou
Than I may e'er make known to thee.

Sweet lady, then mistake no more,
I would not leave thy heart undone,
I've played my day on Folly's shore,
My reckless race of youth is run.

I gave my heart beside the track
To Manhood's bright and shining bower,
And ne'er for once have wished it back,
Since that calm day, that happy hour.

HEART WHISPERS

I've met thee since in many a dream,
When midnight's silent hour stole on,
I've seen thine eye's deep lustre gleam,
And ringlets wave thy brow upon.

I've seen thee smile with face so fair,
While my fond heart was truly blest;
I've sported with thy waving hair
And clasped thee to my heaving breast.



EULOGISTIC POEMS

TO WOMAN.

O woman! come and let me gaze
My life away into thine eyes,
And catch Affection's sacred rays
As they from thy fond heart arise.

'Tis thou and thou alone canst smile
My mind's tumultuous clouds away,
For thou in but a little while
Could laugh a sad souled hermit gay.

When Life's rude path seems all forlorn,
My happiness I find with you.
I loved you 'mid life's early morn,
And now would scorn to prove untrue.

ROBERT BURNS.

The winding streams o'erhung with trees,
Fill in thy verse a votive place--
The dewy lawns and flow'ry leas
Appear in Nature's native grace,
With all the woodland's minstrels rude
And blooms that scent sad Solitude.

And thou hast sung with wond'rous skill
How passion sways the human heart;
Seen sorrow's pang or pleasure's thrill;
Viewed lovers meet and lovers part.
And thou hast lingered, knelt and wept
Beside the grave where valor slept.

HEART WHISPERS

Man's weal and woe meet in thy song
And all to which his mind aspires,
With what few gifts to him belong,
His virtues and his ill desires;
And he who views thy silent tomb
Behold where drooped Poesy's bloom.

TO THE CRICKET.

Sing on thou minstrel of my hearth,
I loved thy song in other years.
It brings me back my hours of mirth,
It brings me back my smiles and tears.

Alas! 'tis mournful when I'm sad,
And cheerful when I feel most gay.
But Oh! if thou my being had
Misfortune soon would hush thy lay.

I've heard thee sing while Boreas kept
His piteous moan around my cot,
And Mem'ry o'er her records swept,
To bring back thoughts long, long forgot.

I've heard thee sing while Campbell's page
There woke a smile, here claimed a tear.
And Gray's—a gem in ev'ry age—
Rang sweetly in my boyish ear.

Thy chirping notes lend Pollock's lay
A pathos rare, a cadence deep.
Proud Byron's harshness melts away.
And White awakes the harp to weep.

I've heard thee sing while Dryden pour'd
His brilliance in heroic strains.
And Moore, with Freedom's spirit soar'd,
Till Erin shook her galling chains.

HEART WHISPERS

Yes, sing when Cowper's fertile brain
Cast all its sparkling gems around.
And Goldsmith, thro' his mellow strain,
At ev'ry step made hallowed ground.

I've heard thee sing when Halleck showed
His rev'rence for the peasant's powers.
And Bryant's tuneful numbers flowed
Like rippling streams from fragrant bow'rs.

Beneath my hearthstone all aflame,
As hoarsely moaned the wintry blast,
Thy song was heard while Rogers came
With glowing pictures of the past.

Sweet minstrel, I have heard thee sing
When Burns woke Fancy from her goal,
And pitched his lays on ev'ry string
That vibrates in the human soul.

LINES TO JOHN W. ADCOCK.

O Muse, if thou shalt e'er one tribute bring,
Come string the harp and let thy echoes ring.
Here would I breathe an early comrade's praise—
A loved companion of my better days.
Aye, one with soul sincere; with motives pure,
Whom poverty has rendered yet obscure.
Yes, one whose smile filled all my heart with joy
Ere Beauty took that heart in her employ.
Oh! one for whom Affection's soul might melt;
One in whose weal I've long an interest felt.
Yea, one who views my faults by twilight dim,
And loves my verse because I rev'rence him.

I now behold our youthful haunts again;
There plays the stream that caught our glances then;
Here lie our castle stones all strewn around;

HEART WHISPERS

Our leaning towers are leveled with the ground.
Those little mills, which we erected here,
Like those bright hours, have run their brief career.
Our thrones of moss—those tiny hillocks green—
Are swept away and nowhere to be seen.

'Twas here we sat and whiled the hours away,
While o'er and o'er the mockbird sang her lay.
'Twas here we played ere to our bosoms came
Thy wish to roam, my burning love of fame.
'Twas here, with lofty hopes in after times,
We sat while I rehearsed my early rhymes.
Then we alike had shared the love of song
And thought our lays, tho' void of measure, strong.
To these green shores we then were wont to stray
And build the schemes for manhood's riper day;
Talk o'er the bliss that future years would bring,
And soar with Fancy on unwearied wing.

'Twas here that each made mention of his claim
To future glory, grandeur, wealth and fame.
And here, on this soft herbage, we reclined,
When gentler thoughts were fondlings of thy mind,
And I in love with all that e'er was fair,
Had placed my heart in smiling Beauty's care.
Ah! then, how bright were all our future schemes;
Fair visions rose to bless our midnight dreams.
Then, with more zeal, I struck the am'rous lyre,
Than e'er the madman beat the wall of Tyre.
My heart o'erflowed with purer bliss the while,
Than Sylla's when he caught Valeria's smile.
But now those happy hours have past away,
With all their transports, loves and visions gay.

TO THE SAME.

I know not why, but yet I love to view
Each spot of earth that makes me think of you.
I know not why, but all the hills around,
Where we have strayed, seem consecrated ground.

HEART WHISPERS

I pass no spot, where'er by chance we met,
But holds its spell o'er all my feelings yet.
No wild bird sings the lays we loved of yore.
That thrills not yet my bosom to its core.
And round, red Sol ne'er hies him down the west,
To bathe his burning brow in Ocean's breast,
But one brief glance upon his fiery track,
In Fancy's eye brings happy childhood back.

O could we be once more as we were then,
And wander thro' those blissful years again!
O could we linger by the streamlet's side
As we were wont in childhood's joy and pride!
And see smooth faces in its dimpling tide,
That none might blush to own or seek to hide;
O could we pause to hear the wild birds sing,
As then they sang of many a joyous thing!
To feel the winds that with our ringlets played,
And trace again the paths where once we strayed.

Alas! thy long nursed tendency to roam
Has led thy feet far from thy early home.
I've sighed and o'er thy absence long may sigh
Ere thou again shalt greet my eager eye.
I meet thee in my dreams and we pursue
Our childish games on all the lawns we knew;
And 'neath the mossy rocks we take our seat,
On which the storms of Time's rude morning beat.
And when, at length, the bright illusion flies,
My heart is sad and tear drops fill mine eyes.

O John! our boyish schemes are past and gone,
And we from youth to age are stumbling on.
Manhood's rude scene awhile our step delays,
And I have grown less fond of empty praise.
The maids of whom we dreamt in years gone by
Have but few charms for Manhood's sober eye,
And we have wed not those of boyhood's day,
But fairer maids and younger far than they.

HEART WHISPERS

Now, fare thee well, and from thy glowing hearth
Let this sad strain not banish peace and mirth.
Night after night my heart is with you there;
Night after night enjoys the vacant chair.
On idle days, when snow storms sweep the lea,
Beside that hearth prepare a seat for me.

TO A DEAD EAGLE.

Proud bird, thine eyes are closed in death,
Thy dream of life has passed away.
Now, thou art done with fleeting breath,
And done with cruel Time for aye.

Thy wing shall ride the breeze no more
Thro' yonder boundless fields of air;
In those bright realms its flights are o'er,
Though long it rode exultant there.

And thou hast seen the mighty main,
Hast watched its billows roll and fret.
Hast gazed upon the battle plain,
When face to face the legions met.

Perchance, beheld thro' clouds of smoke,
When peal on peal beshook the world,
Grim Battle strike his deadly stroke,
And seen his victims downward hurl'd.

In Heaven thou hast soared and screamed,
Beyond the sight of groveling man,
Until our mighty rivers seemed
To thee no broader than a span.

Yes, soared until the snow-clad peaks
And the blue main seemed all the same.
Then hastened on till thy wild shrieks
Resounded through the solar frame.

HEART WHISPERS

In life, great speed of flight was thine,
For thou couldst dart before the gale;
One moment skim the boiling brine,
And next disport across the vale.

And thou to mountain peaks remote,
To rear thy nest, were wont to go,
From which to view the shaggy goat,
Then watch the bustling world below.

But earthly power at length must yield,
And ends its race, too oft like thee.
Of him who loved the battle-field,
Proud bird, thou hast reminded me.

He reveled in the glare of Fame,
Then in disgrace closed his career.
And thou hast neared yon solar flame,
Low at my feet to moulder here.

LINES,

Written in reply to Byron's answer to Montgomery's "Common Lot."

Yes, Byron, yes, our mother earth
Shall fold us all in her embrace.
These hours of transport, joy and mirth,
Oblivion's tides will soon efface.

We'll sink 'neath Time's ungentle wave,
And sleep when life's short scene is o'er.
And we poor creatures need not crave
To add to life one dull act more.

The young, the old, the grave, the gay,
The vain, the wealthy and the proud—
All sport Life's little scene away,
And sleep beneath the snowy shroud.

HEART WHISPERS

The patriot's frame, like all the rest,
Shall join again its native clay.
Nor may the bard's enchanted breast
Escape the horrors of decay.

But these are names that shall not sleep
In grim Oblivion's gloomy shade.
Yes, names o'er which the world may weep
Till Time on his cold couch is laid.

When shall that fearless patriot die
Who falls in love with liberty,
And shuts in death his fiery eye,
That his loved land may yet be free?

Ah! never till the last sad sand
Of Time is run and all is o'er,
Shall Wallace, Tell, Bruce, Emmett, and
Our Washington survive no more.

And thou, tho' calmly sleeps thy frame
Beneath the cold and silent stone,
On Fame's loud trump thy mighty name
Thro' future ages shall be blown.

For, through thy fancy rude and wild
Grim visaged heroes strolled along,
"The Giaour," "The Corsair" and the "Childe"—
All live immortal in thy song.

Ah! many a plow-boy yet to be
Shall light his taper at thy flame,
And borne on Fancy's pinions free
Survey the slippery heights of Fame.

Then need we rear the stumbling stone
Where bard's or patriot's embers lie.
Around their dust why need we moan.
Why weep for those who cannot die?

HEART WHISPERS

VERSES

On the demise of Wm. Cullen Bryant.

He sleeps, who woke Columbia's noblest song,
And swept his hand the quiv'ring strings along.
Oh! how my bounding heart was filled with fire
To catch the breathings of his sacred lyre.
His thoughts were pure, my intellect was young,
And found melodious verse in all he sung.

He sleeps whom once the nation sought to praise,
And grew exultant o'er his melting lays.
Oh! how I long to meet his honest face,
And share his converse in some peaceful place:
Gaze in his eye, survey his hoary hairs,
And catch the smile declining Genius wears.



ELEGIAC POEMS

AN AUTUMN NIGHT.

'Tis night, the cricket chirps beneath my hearth,
The clouds are low and black and threaten rain,
While howling winds besweep the naked plain
And toss the leaves in clusters on the earth.

I turn to view the old clock on the wall,
The lengthy hours glide on, sad, lone and slow.
Alas! in early years it was not so,
But let me not the dreams of youth recall.

The rain begins, the blast still moans aloud,
Low burns the flame that lights my lonely room,
While round my cot still deeper grows the gloom.
Cold Earth lies wrapped in Midnight's dusky shroud.

FAREWELL, SWEET STREAM.

Sweet stream, full oft at sultry noon
Have I reclined upon thy shore,
But I must sleep or late or soon.
And thou'lt play on when I'm no more.
Yes, when I shall have done with time,
And these frail limbs sleep in the clay,
Thou, thou wilt then be in thy prime,
And still sport on thy pebbly way.

Well I have watched in brighter days
Thy ripples wand'ring wild and free,
And heard with joy the raptured lays
Of minstrels in each leafy tree.

HEART WHISPERS

But fare ye well, ye woodlands dear,
Ye flowers and warblers of the tree,
And thou, sweet stream, for once and e'er
Here let me breathe farewell to thee.

TO A WORM,

Which I saw in my path.
No, no, I will not crush thy tiny form,
For that great Hand gave each of us his birth.
Then still pursue thy way, in calm or storm,
Across the bosom of thy mother Earth.
For when thy fitful dream of life is o'er,
By Nature's law thou shalt return to clay,
And thy lone dust shall wake to life no more.
No, no, but slumber on fore'er and aye.
Sad worm, 'tis true I much resemble thee.
I, too, was dust and back to dust shall go.
But He who formed us both has given me
What yet shall live when I shall moulder low.

WHEN THIS FRAIL FORM.

When this frail form is laid to rest,
Low in the cold and dismal clay,
And grass grows o'er my silent breast,
Which there shall sleep and there decay,
Thus laid to rest, where'er it be,
I would no eye should weep for me.
If e'er my tongue has chanced to wake
Affection in fair woman's heart,

HEART WHISPERS

I would not grieve that heart should break,

No, let it far from her depart.

And may her bosom still be free—

I would no eye should weep for me.

How vain is he who would request

The tear to bathe one glowing eye.

Or ask remembrance of the breast

That ne'er till then had cause to sigh.

'Tis not my wish and ne'er shall be—

I would no eye should weep for me.

The cold green sod shall wrap my breast.

And this young heart forget its mirth;

This burning brow shall find its rest

Deep in the lap of mother Earth.

But no bathed eye may any see—

I would no eye should weep for me.

TO TIME.

O Time! I little care how soon

I pay thee all I owe.

For Life is drawing near its noon,

And yet unmixed with woe.

Hope, Peace and Joy in days gone by

On frightened pinions flew.

And I, perchance, without a sigh,

Could part with being, too.

THROUGH LIFE'S SHORT SCENE.

Thro' life's short scene I'm hast'ning on,

With bosom sad and stern.

I've none to sigh when I am gone,

Or smile when I return.

HEART WHISPERS

When I shall sleep that silent sleep
No one will shed a tear;
Nor do I ask one friend to weep
Around my humble bier.

Let me return from whence I came,
Unwept, unsung, unknown,
And cumber only with my name
My monumental stone.
Should that not call remembrance up
In Friendship's sacred breast,
Then let me sip Oblivion's cup.
And there in silence rest.

LINES

Written at a Playmate's Grave.

Here sleeps beneath this silent stone
A form I knew in gayer hours.
But ten fleet years since then have flown,
And robed his lowly mound in flowers.

He sleeps in grim Death's cold embrace;
His struggles, cares and toils are o'er.
I meet no more his well-known face,
I see his eye's gay glance no more.

All silent lies his youthful breast,
And mine ere long may sleep as low.
For life's dull scene is short at best,
And soon or late I, too, must go.

PALE SCYNTHIA.

Pale Scynthia stood midway the skies,
One half her nightly race was o'er.
Her face looked fair to lovers' eyes,
Her beams lay bright on many a shore.

HEART WHISPERS

We thought that Scynthia smiled to see
Our glowing lips in kisses meet,
And we, poor creatures, hoped to be
Thus happy through life's lone retreat.

But now, sweet girl, those hopes are dead,
And Scynthia's race has long been run.
My feeble form lies stretched in bed,
And life's short scene will soon be done.

LINES

On the death of Theodore Gaylord Radcliffe.

He sleeps with no fond heart to keep
Her vigils by his bed.
And few with tears have knelt to steep
The green turf o'er his head.
But why lament, such is the lot
Misguided Genius shares.
In life unknown, in death forgot
Are Fame's deluded heirs.

He sleeps without one slab to mark
Where fades his tiny frame.
Yes, sleeps, and that immortal spark
Returned from whence it came.
But, hush, for pale eyed Genius weeps
O'er many a hillock far,
Where, by all else forgotten, sleeps
An ill-directed star.

'T WAS SAD TO YIELD HER UP.

Alas! 'Twas sad to yield her up,
So young, so fair for earth to keep.
But we who mourn shall taste the cup,
And as she sleeps, at length shall sleep.

HEART WHISPERS

Her face and form, in molds of dust,
Were all that one need hope to find.
Oh! when the fair and gentle must
Return to earth, Fate seems unkind.

Deep sighs were heaved, sad tears were shed,
By those who might not be consoled,
When brawny hands upon her head
Began to heap the darken'd mould.

Nor were her kindred left to weep
Alone, that silent bosom near,
No heart so cold but melts to heap
The cruel clods on Beauty's bier.

JOCUND YOUTH.

Oh! when I think of jocund youth
It starts the pensive tear.
Those hours of transport, love and truth,
To all my heart were dear.
But where is she, that flow'ret fair,
Who in my bosom chanced to share
Affection's earliest ray?
Though all is bright and smooth around,
My mem'ry decks the mossy mound
Where sleeps her humble clay.

Oh! when I think of jocund youth,
With all its smiles and tears,
Meek-eyed Devotion hails in sooth
Those happy, happy years.
There lay the lawn, the streamlet, there
The glen and tangled woodland, where
I spent my brightest days.
O give me back those happy hours,
The streamlet, forest, lawn and flow'rs,
And take my meed of praise.

HEART WHISPERS

IT WILL BE SWEET.

It will be sweet when life has fled,
With all its dusky train of woes,
To rest my lone and silent head,
Where now the bending herbage blows.

Then, cruel Time, I shall not care
How wild you wave your mighty wing.
Thy flight shall not molest me there,
Nor to my heart one struggle bring.

RICHARD H. DANA.

Alas! they tell me thou art gone—
Thou whom I loved in childhood's day.
A nation mourns while on and on
Time hastens with unbroken sway.

I'd hoped to meet that face of thine
Ere thou or I should pass away,
But now Poesy may repine
Above where thy cold limbs decay.

AND THEY ARE GONE.

And they are gone, alone and still
They left thee to decay.
And Boreas, moaning on the hill,
Passed o'er thy heap of clay.

Yes, left thee 'neath thy new made mound
In silence to repose,
Till Time's stupendous ball is wound
Unto its destined close.

HEART WHISPERS

I stood to watch the mould congeal
Above thy silent brow.
And idle words may not reveal
My soul's deep sadness now.

Pale Phoebe throws her silver light
Now o'er thy frozen bed.
There shalt thou sleep this lonely night,
Nor know the tears I shed.

'Tis done, alas! and I'm alone,
Thy happy soul has fled.
And all I'd thought to make my own
Is silent, cold and dead.

Yes, thou art gone and left me here,
A sad-souled Rambler still.
And fonder heart may kneel not near
Where sleep thy embers chill.

Shall I forget, or in my mind
Can all thy smiles and tears
Be lost with what is left behind
Of childhood's happy years?

No, ne'er forget thy parting smile,
Forget thy whispered tone;
Or tears, which seem'd so sad the while,
But shed for me alone.

I'M TWENTY-SEVEN.

'Tis sev'n o'clock, 'tis past; Time steals along.
I have now lived seven and twenty years.
I'm sad—sad words are suited to my song;
My heart is used to sighs; mine eye to tears.

Five minutes now are lost in endless gloom,
To mark Time's rapid flight; I hold my breath;

HEART WHISPERS

I'm now five minutes nearer to my doom—
Five minutes closer to the monster, Death.

Another flies. O Time! thy mighty wing
No human skill or force can e'er subdue.
I'll soon be swept from out the busy ring;
Soon tender Time the only tribute due.

SHE SLEEPS.

She sleeps, that sweet and gentle flower,
That idol of my boyhood's day,
And let me spend this lonely hour
In tears beside her humble elay.
O I have wept!—but tears are vain
When Beauty treads the dark domain
Of pale-eyed, hollow-featured Death—
Yes, wept to think that Beauty's bloom
To the dim portals of the tomb
Should e'er be made to yield her breath.

'Twas here they placed her young, fair form,
In quietude to moulder low,
When maidenhood's first blushes warm,
On her smooth cheek began to glow.
She seemed the magnet of my way,
A sunbeam in Life's stormy day
To light the lonely path I trod.
But she, that sweet and tender flower,
Bright bloom from Beauty's bonny bower,
Has rendered back her gifts to God.

HER STILLY TOMB.

O she was fair! her features wore
The brightest blush of childhood's bloom.
Her soul was pure, but ask no more—
She sleeps beneath the stilly tomb.

HEART WHISPERS

In vain, in vain, our skill we tried,
To drive the Monster from her room.
We wept, we prayed, but yet she died,
And sleeps beneath the stilly tomb.

Oh! I have wept and yet shall weep,
I mourn her loss—her early doom.
My heart has kept, and yet shall keep,
Its vigil by her stilly tomb.

WHEN I'M NO MORE.

When I'm no more and wild weeds wave
O'er where my embers moulder,
A nation's taunts beside my grave,
Would make my dust no colder.

On my low couch I'd sleep the same,
Nor heed the wild commotion;
Though high above my silent frame
Should sweep the boiling ocean.

I'll heed not tho' bright eyes grow dim,
And Friendship's tears are swelling
When all that I possess of Him
Deserts its earthly dwelling.

Fond hands at gentle Spring's return
May strew their laurels o'er me.
But naught I'll care in my cold urn,
Tho' millions should adore me.

Then let me sleep, unwept, unblamed,
'Neath willow, yew or holly.
The love of praise, which once inflamed,
I've long since reckoned folly.

HEART WHISPERS

I SOON SHALL SLEEP.

I soon shall sleep, aye, soon repose;
 Soon yield my feeble breath,
For life is like the morning rose,
 And fades as soon in death.
Life's little day ere long must close,
And I shall sink in sweet repose,
Deep in my cold and narrow grave,
Beneath where now the willows wave.
And when these limbs thus moulder low
I shall have done with pain and woe,
And ev'ry random sting of care
That cruel Fate proclaimed my share.

I VIEWED THE SPOT.

I viewed the spot where sweetly slept
 The idol of my boyish heart.
The good, the brave and wise have wept—
 The fond and true been forced to part.

But who may feel more than I felt,
 As there I paused above her clay?
Alas! I thought my heart would melt,
 And weep itself in tears away.

Remembrance sigh'd o'er those bright hours,
 When she, who there lay slum'ring low,
Had helped me cull life's fairest flowers,
 When love and hope were in their glow.

HEART WHISPERS

LINES

Composed while gazing on my mother's grave.

If thoughts, emotions could reveal,
Or the full heart unfold,
All I have felt, all that I feel,
Should unto thee be told.

But I forget, my reason flies,
Thy dust alone is there;
Thy deathless part did in the skies
To its bright home repair.

But flying Time ere long will bring
A winding sheet for me.
And my vexed soul shall plume its wing
To fly in search of thee.

Then by thy side they'll place at rest
All that is left of me.
Earth ne'er another spot possessed
Where I should wish to be.

STANZAS

To a daisy that grew between the graves of my father and mother.

Bloom on, sweet flow'ret of the woodland wild,
Thou hast the dearest spot of earth to me.
Long years have vanished since I was a child,
And shared the lot kind Nature grants to thee.

I was their first and I was wont to sleep
Between the hearts that here return to clay.
My life was bright, I little thought to weep
Above their cold remains this lovely day.

Their faces paled and threads of silver came
To mingle with their locks of raven hue.

HEART WHISPERS

In Eden's bow'rs my heart slept on the same,
Nor dreamt for once its thoughtlessness to rue.

The days wound on—then three score years and ten
Seemed longer than eternity seems now.
Those vanished years I'd fain enjoy again—
Such love as theirs; such kisses on my brow.

I slumbered till consumption's iron grip
Had snapped Life's chord and her bright spirit freed.
Then I awoke, Fate's bitter cup to sip;
Awoke to feel my own pierced bosom bleed.

My heart bled on for two and twenty years.
Then he was called and by her side he sleeps.
Bloom on, O flow'ret sweet! and drink my tears.
Between these mounds my heart its vigil keeps.

LINES

On the death of Charles Francis Hewlett, the great violinist.

What mighty groups in weeds appear,
When fools, or knaves, or bigots die.
And e'en a few will shed a tear
When Genius heaves his parting sigh.

When in his last and silent sleep
A genius bows his silvered head,
The good, the wise and gen'rous weep
For ages round his lowly bed.

But some have shared the tears of all;
The vain, the wild and virtuous wept
When night let death's dark shadows fall.
And noble-hearted Hewlett slept.

And he is gone, his country's tears
Can ne'er repair the loss it felt.
His matchless skill his name endears.
His gifted hand the heart could melt.

HEART WHISPERS

Yes, he is gone; on yonder hill
That mighty hand lies nerveless now.
That gen'rous heart is cold and still,
And silence wraps that furrowed brow.

LINES

Composed on lingering by the grave of Charles Francis Hewlett.

The sun had crept behind the hill;
'Twas Ev'ning's softest hour,
And Twilight's tears return'd to fill
The gently closing flower.
The lark her ev'ning hymn had sung,
And left the bending spray.
The willow's boughs in silence hung
Like friendship o'er decay.

Not one soft breeze appeared to wave
The odorous jasmine bloom,
That grew by matchless Hewlett's grave,
And clambered o'er his tomb.
I stood beside his mound in tears.
My heart's great light was there.
And I could see, through vanished years,
The silver in his hair.

Across my mind strange visions strode,
Like spectres pale and grim.
There, mouldering lay in its abode,
All death had won of him.
There slept his dust, alas! and yet
What gulfs between us lay.
My mind, still striving with regret,
Sought converse with his clay.

HEART WHISPERS

LINES

On the death of John Greenleaf Whittier, addressed to Sir Alfred,
Lord Tennyson.

He sleeps, our white-haired poet sleeps,
Despite the love we bore him.
With tear bathed eyes Columbia keeps
Her midnight vigils o'er him.
His verse was pure, it did in part
My young affections capture.
I loved it for it filled my heart
With no vain dreams of rapture.

He sleeps, tho' age had seamed his brow
All youthful were his numbers.
He sleeps, our loudest plaudits now
Break not his peaceful slumbers.
Yes, he has gone, in Earth's cold breast,
His silvered head reposes.
We loved him, but he sank to rest
With sad September's roses.

He sleeps, he sleeps, but why complain,
His memory lives undying.
For, echoed in his plaintive strain,
I hear "Maud Muller" sighing.
I shut my eyes to see the maid,
Her blushes to discover,
And by the streamlet in the shade
To face her courtly lover.

I see her now, with dimpled hand
She gives the cup o'erflowing—
Aye, see the rustic maiden stand,
Her bare, brown ankles showing.
The pictures rise, they come and go.
My fancy travels faster.
His heart, his heart, is doomed to woe,
Who takes Pride for his master.

HEART WHISPERS

I hear in painful numbers told
 Why he was forced to sever
With her who slumbers still and cold,
 Aye, still and cold forever.
Beside her mound I seem to hear
 His great warm heart repining;
While I perceive the scalding tear
 Within his dark eye shining.

Who may not feel his heart expand,
 Who may not feel elated,
O'er pictures by his skillful hand,
 Though forty years belated?
Beside the road, who may not see,
 By sumachs half surrounded,
The school house, where, in boyhood he
 His young affections founded?

I see that brown-eyed little maid—
 That maid with golden tresses—
And see her anxious footsteps stayed
 To give those fond caresses.
E'en see that shame-faced school-boy near;
 Yes, see his sad tears streaming,
And I behold one tender tear
 Within each brown eye gleaming.

I see her clasp his trembling hand,
 Those words of love bestowing,
But my own heart is heaving, and
 I feel my own tears flowing.
I think me now of one fair form
 That I led by the wild-wood.
But I have had some days of storm
 Since those bright ones of childhood.

But hold, my Muse, for I presume
 This wail should be suspended,
Since he is gone, ah! he for whom
 These numbers were intended.

HEART WHISPERS

Two stars that graced Poesy's skies
Have set and set forever.
To say what two shall next arise
I need not now endeavor.

LINES

On the death of Sir Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Sleep on immortal bard of Britain's isle,
For silence sits within thy mighty breast.
Sleep on beneath that grand and stately pile,
Where noble heads and noble bosoms rest.

Sleep on in peace, for we have tears to shed
When Genius yields his embers to the tomb.
Thy voice is silent, but thou art not dead—
Long since, within our hearts, we gave thee room.

We weep, but not as we would weep for one
Who had in early manhood passed away.
For thou wert rich in years—thy task was done,
And nature fell a victim to decay.

Who knows what noble work was left undone,
What gems were left to glitter in the deep,
When thoughtless, homeless, brilliant Chatterton,
With his own hand, put his sad heart to sleep?

Who knows what diamonds in their caves were left,
What golden heaps remained beneath the hill,
When Fate the tender thread of life had cleft
And gen'rous White in death lay cold and still?

Who knows what mighty treasures disappear'd,
Or knows what burning words remained unsaid;
What monuments of verse were yet unrequited,
When the cold turf was heaped on Byron's head?

HEART WHISPERS

Who knows what heroes in his fancy slept,
What words of pathos still were unexpressed,
Or what sweet songs Burns, in his fond heart kept,
Till silence set at ease his tortured breast?

These gems are lost, now lost to all mankind;
None can achieve what they have left undone.
To each, at birth, a life-work is assigned,
But death may come when it is but begun.

A few days since I tuned my feeble lyre
To sing my love and final dirge for him,
The last sweet minstrel of our famous choir
Whose love-lit eyes in death had just grown dim.

My idle Muse had scarce her theme begun
Ere thy great soul had gone to meet with his.
Sleep on, O silver haired and deathless one!
You share my love; you share my sympathies.

I seem to hear sad Albion proclaim
Her love and grief for her immortal one.
And belched from out the bellowing guns of Fame
The rockets burst, Sir Alfred Tennyson.

ODES

TONIGHT.

Hail lovely Night, how soft, how calm, how still
Is yon deep tangled wood and distant dale.
No sound is heard, but from yon fretful rill,
Whose tide leaps on far down the gloomy vale;
'Tis sweet to gaze upon the far off hill,
Which smiles array'd in Phoebe's grandeurs pale.

No cloud is seen on the horizon's brim,
No mist obscures pale Dian's lovely face.
And scores on scores of tiny planets swim
Bright, blazing in the ethereal space;
I ween I almost see the throne of Him
Who made these worlds and gave to each its place.

TO PEACE.

O Peace! thou bird with plumage bright,
Come back and spread thy gentle wings
O'er green Columbia's breast;
Come with the stilly hours of night,
For War has hushed his murmurings
And lain his sword to rest.

O thou! from Heaven's mighty throne,
To Eden's bright dominion sent,
But soon exiled from there;
Since then from ev'ry land and zone
Thou hast suffered banishment;
An exile everywhere.

HEART WHISPERS

O timid bird! come to thy nest,
And let our land from sea to sea
Bask in thy sacred smile;
Ne'er more may war disturb thy breast,
And cause thy frighten'd wing to flee,
To some lone ocean's isle.

TO VIRTUE.

O Virtue! I rev'rence thy high sounding name,
I loved thee in childhood, nor yet have I changed:
My bosom still beats with affections the same,
Tho' at times very far from thee have I rang'd.

What numbers with folly have long vigils kept,
Not dreaming that pleasure is found but in thee,
Till low in the quagmire of Ruin they slept
Unwept by their comrades on Life's swelling sea.

O Virtue! how few of our lust loving race,
One moment would linger to welcome thy smile;
Or close to their bosoms in melting embrace,
Thro' heart-feeling fondness would press thee awhile?

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Refulgent Orb, thy pleasing face
Has greeted many a laborer's view,
As home he strayed with tardy pace
To meet again the waiting few.

At the first smile thy pale brow throws,
The bee forsakes the closing flower;
The drowsy bat from her repose
Comes forth on that delightful hour.

HEART WHISPERS

The timid dove and busy wren
Flee home to rest when thou art seen—
The whip-poor-will awakes the glen
And flickering lights dash o'er the green.

Full many a time do those who roam,
One moment turn thy face to view,
And smile to think some one at home
May then be gazing on it too.

TO SLEEP.

Sweet Sleep, how often in thy downy lap
Have I reclined my aching head to rest,
When care and toil and many a sad mishap
Had driven hope from out my youthful breast?

How have I wooed thee and thy soft caress,
When slow disease had wrung my tortured heart;
How have I bathed my soul in peacefulness,
And felt thy fetters bind without a smart.

'Tis thou that soothes the sailor's weary breast,
Far driven from his own dear native isle,
'Tis thou that gives the laborer's bosom rest
And frees the chain-bound wretch a little while.

O Sleep! thou bring'st me back my happy hours,
Thou bring'st me back my boyhood, wonted glee,
When Fancy stood beside my path with flowers
And Mary's smile made life so bright for me.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

O happy thing! thou liv'st thy day
Unknown to care, unknown to toil;
Thou breath'st thy life's sweet hours away,
When fairest flow'rs bedeck the soil.

HEART WHISPERS

When Spring unfolds her gorgeous robe
To wrap Earth's cold, damp bosom in,
Thou com'st, and this our perfect globe
Without thee had imperfect been.

Earth's fairest flow'rs unfold to thee
Their golden sweets, O joyous thing!
The softest breeze that sweeps the lea,
Seems pleased to waft thy painted wing.

TO HEALTH.

Hail sprightly Health, throughout my veins,
The crimson current darts anew;
My breast its wonted warmth regains.
My cheek assumes its native hue.

The piercing pangs of slow disease,
Like clouds of morn have past away;
The bird that sings in yonder trees,
Has no more sadness in her lay.

That grassy spot is placid still,
Where I ere now had thought to sleep;
And none has climbed the winding hill,
O'er my cold dust her watch to keep.

Away, ye solemn thoughts, away;
A gladsome life may yet be mine.
Hope smiles to think my stormy day
Has set beyond the western brine.

TO DARKNESS.

O Darkness! ere the sun was made,
Thou wert and reigned supreme
Upon thy ebon throne,
Ere Phoebe, her fair face displayed

HEART WHISPERS

To cast one trembling beam.
Or moon-lit Saturn shone.

Primeval King, when thou wert crowned
And ruled thy black domain
With none thy peace to mar.
A darker spot man ne'er has found;
And rayless eaves contain
No pits that blacker are.

Tho' dark thy realm, some men are found.
Whose hearts more gloom inclose
Than thou wert doomed to share;
The orb of day in vain goes 'round.
And Night's pale empress throws
No bright effulgence there.

TO PRUDENCE.

O Prudence! had I known thee long ago,
Perchance I might have been more happy now;
In Silence's lap this pen had slumbered low
Nor half these marks of care defaced my brow.

Yes, had I known thee, no ungen'rous deed
Had brought its censure on my drooping head;
Harsh words that made some faithful bosom bleed,
Tho' often thought, had yet been left unsaid.

From early youth, if I had walked with thee,
And bade farewell to Folly and her train,
My sire's advice had not been lost on me,
And Physic had not sought my aid in vain.

EPITAPHS

ON MISS ———

Come ye who seek o'er Beauty's tomb,
To shed the painful tear;
For wrapped by earth's unbroken gloom
Her bosom moulders here.

ON A SOLDIER.

O friend! if thou hast never wept,
Where Valor, Truth and Honor slept,
Approach this stone to leave a tear,
For, by my soul, they slumber here.

ON MISS M———.

Could beauty, modesty and mirth,
With virtue, innocence and worth,
Have had the boldness, skill or power
To keep back death's unwelcome hour,
This simple stone had not been here
To claim thy sympathetic tear.

ON ———.

He sleeps; peace to his embers now,
Soft be his earthly pillow
'Neath where these hawthorn branches bow,
And waves this drooping willow.

HEART WHISPERS

He was my foe, but from my breast
Now fades each earthly riot;
His follies, faults and errors rest
With him as calm and quiet.

ON A TEACHER.

I need not tell what tears were shed,
What sighs broke on the list'ning ear,
When this good man's last breath had fled,
And his cold limbs were buried here.
He was the teacher of my youth,
And one whom my young heart admir'd.
Oh, Virtue, Honesty and Truth!
You lost a friend when he expired.

ON A WANDERER.

'Tis done! his bosom slumbers here,
His fitful scene of life is o'er.
O'er his cold dust this stone we rear,
And sigh to think we give no more.
Perchance, by some far distant hearth,
A pensive group awaits him now;
Unconscious that his mother earth
Has closed above his youthful brow.

ON A FRIEND.

If we should weep o'er Virtue's sleep
Draw near, Oh, passer-by!
Shed one warm tear this sod to steep,
And heave one grateful sigh.

HEART WHISPERS

ON MR. A. DAVIS.

He is no more; his embers rest;
Closed is his bright career.
And Earth ne'er wrapped a nobler breast
Than that which slumbers here.

ON A COMRADE.

If my rude verse, alone, were left to weep
Where these young limbs in Earth's cold bosom sleep,
How sad their fate! and how neglected here
Would they in five perennials appear.

ON A PRETTY COUSIN.

Ye who would shed one tender tear
O'er Beauty in her last repose,
Before this lowly slab appear,
To leave that tear at ev'ning's close.
Her matchless form, her blushing brow,
Her sparkling eyes and heaving breast,
Lie here in dreamless silence now,
Lie here in earth's pacific rest.

ON A PLAYMATE.

Should Adcock's verse secure a nation's praise,
'Tis due to him whose bosom here decays.
'Twas he who bade him train his youthful lyre,
And breathed into his heart Ambition's fire.
But yet how vain his skill, should he essay
To pour his sadness o'er this sleeping clay;
Or breathe into a nation's list'ning ear
How he reveres the dust that slumbers here.

HEART WHISPERS

ON RUBY WAYLAND.

Hush, parents, hush, and dry your tears.
The angels know how fair
Your Ruby was in infant years,
When taken from your care.
Beneath this tomb her dust reclines,
But high in Heav'n the jewel shines.

ON DR. W. N. TOLLEY.

Gone, gone to rest from all his labors,
His father's pride, no less his neighbors;
His mind was bright, but sternly driven;
Short was his life, though wisely given;
In yielding one he gained another;
In losing him Worth lost a brother;
He wisdom loved and hated folly;
When death came near we sent for Tolley.
He climbed to Physic's highest story,
There, paused awhile and went to glory.
This stone tells where his dust lies sleeping,
And where sad hearts are vigils keeping.

ON A CHILD.

Those dimpled cheeks, those eyes of blue,
And silken ringlets moulder here.
She closed her eyes, her spirit flew
Unto its native sphere.

ON LOVELY MISS ———.

Come, mourn with me, for Beauty's bow'r
Has lost its fairest bloom.
And here, in an untimely hour,
Consigned it to the tomb.

HEART WHISPERS

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

Oh, passer-by! if thou would'st shed
One warm, bright tear o'er Beauty's bed,
Draw near this mound o'er-spread with vines,
For here her sainted dust reclines.

ON A FRIEND'S SISTER.

Beneath this stone in dust reposes
The cheeks that blushed like morning roses;
The eyes that beamed on us so brightly,
They made our heavy hearts beat lightly;
The lips that were as sweet and tender
As Beauty's matchless hand could render;
As kind a heart as earth encumbers,
Lies here in death's pacific slumbers.

ON MY COUSIN.

O'er his cold dust this imple stone we rear,
Yet ask no thoughtless boy to yield a tear.
Wild was his youth, and he no vigils kept
Where honor, virtue, truth or goodness slept.
But manhood brought some sober moments on,
And age bade all his recklessness begone,
Until the wise, the grave and pious, here,
Might pause awhile to shed an earnest tear.

ON A LADY.

If Virtue's dust may claim a sigh
Or one pathetic tear
From thoughtless manhood passing by
In Life's disturbed career,

HEART WHISPERS

Oh, man! here pause a little while
And, with a soul sincere,
Kneel down beside this humble pile
And leave that tender tear.

ON MRS. MAGGIE WORTEN.

If over a woman's cold embers you seek
To linger a moment with tears on your cheek;
A woman whose bosom on virtue relied,
Whose beauty and judgment remain'd till she died,
Whose conduct was blameless, whose nature was kind,
Whose movements were graceful, whose manners refined—
If over such embers your bosom would weep,
Come mourn with the poet, he knows where they sleep.

ON A LOVELY WOMAN.

If where a lovely woman sleeps,
You seek to pause a little while,
Draw near to where this myrtle creeps,
And Adcock's painful bosom weeps.
For she who, living, made him blest,
And dying left his heart distressed,
Sleeps on beneath this humble pile.

ON DR. JAMES F. CLEMENS.

What man should be, he understood,
And spent his life in doing good.
His mind was clear, his judgment true,
He losses had, and trials, too;
But on, right on, o'er Life's rough tide,

HEART WHISPERS

He steered his bark, nor turned aside.
He had his cares, and some were sore;
But all that came he meekly bore.
Rest came at last, his dust lies here,
His soul's in Heav'n's eternal sphere.

ON MY MOTHER.

Oh! ye who yet have tears to shed
Around where sleep the pious dead,
Approach this stone and help me pay
Due rev'rence to my mother's clay.

ON MY FATHER.

Should you desire, Oh, passer-by!
Above an angel's dust to weep,
At this low stone you need not sigh,
Nor o'er this mound, your vigils keep.
But if above an honest man
You wish to waste an earnest tear,
Draw near and this low marble scan—
Just what you seek we buried here.

EPIGRAMS

ON AN EPIGRAM.

An epigram, just like a cloud,
Warns us of something coming;
Verse, like the wind, bemoans aloud,
Forgets its low, sweet humming;
The crisis comes—a pause, a crash,
The fragments fly asunder—
We feel the shock, and see the flash,
Before we hear the thunder.

ON THE MUSE.

The Muse, like April's little flower,
Drinks death in ev'ry icy breeze;
Locks up its petals in an hour
And starves a hive of mothy bees.

ON THE POET'S FAME.

The meteor, in night's realms of air,
Darts forth; we catch a vivid glare,
And turn at once its course to mark;
But lo! 'tis gone! the skies are dark.
Just then, somewhere, amid the sky,
A brighter flash attracts the eye.
We turn on its bright orb to gaze
As darkness swallows up the blaze.

HEART WHISPERS

'Tis thus with the poor poet's fame;
Its brilliance and its flight the same.
We toil through Life's eventful day,
At night to cast a meteor's ray.
And when exhausted all our pow'rs,
Some recent flash eclipses ours,
And draws from us the public gaze,
To yield to the next meteor's blaze.

ON WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

When woman of her friendship speaks,
Man need not pause to wonder;
'Tis love and she some covert seeks
To hide her actions under.
She'll talk of friendship, all the while
His heart's deep lesson reading;
And if he speaks of love she'll smile,
Tho' her poor heart is bleeding.

ON MEEKNESS.

There is a flower that may be grown
And nursed by ev'ry human hand.
'Tis partial to no clime or zone,
'Twill thrive alike in ev'ry land.
Its fragrance sets all hearts aglow,
Its presence cheers earth's saddest bow'r,
'Twill blossom where the thistles grow,
And Meekness is that little flow'r.

ON MAN AND THE BEE.

Man, like the bee, when once his house is made,
Brings all he finds to hoard within its shade.
He toils from sun to sun to fill his hive,
That he the long, cold winter may survive.

HEART WHISPERS

He heaps his treasures up, and bars the door,
More pleased to have, than to enjoy his store.
The more he gains, the less he has to spare
To help a friend or ease a neighbor's care.
Go where he will, he seeks his home at night;
His God is wealth, and labor his delight.
But death comes on, nor can his treasures save
His soul from flight, his embers from the grave.
Then, heirs spring up to revel in his store
Who never shared a wholesome meal before.
Yes, heirs whose soft, white hands were never known
To guide the plow or carve the yielding stone.
Some men and bees o'er vast dominions roam,
And come at last to bring but little home.
These make few trips, and when they toil no more,
Then moths and sheriffs crowd the unguard'd door.

ON THE POET'S MIND.

The poet's mind its fountain seals
When Fortune's hand caresses;
But like the grape its sweetness yields
In Torture's iron presses.

ON THE OBVIOUSNESS OF FEMALE TIMIDITY.

The humming bird on downy wing
Comes with the welcome hours of spring.
Most fearful thing by nature made,
E'en of her own low hum afraid,
She starts, she stops, she wheels, she plays,
The sunlight sets her tints ablaze.
'Tis obvious from her gay attire
That wedlock is her chief desire.

HEART WHISPERS

A gallant comes, charmed by her dress,
Her frolic, hum, and loveliness.
He comes, he woos, exerts his power,
And lures her to his leafy bower.

Thus woman flutters round about
And throws her fond allurements out.
The wanton zephyrs lightly bear
Her downy dress and silky hair.
Most timorous of all timid things,
And yet the sweetest bird that sings.
She flies from man who comes her way
As if he were a beast of prey;
And, flying softly, whispers back,
"I go but you can find my track;
Despair not of the prize you sought;
I'm flying that I may be caught."

ON HAPPINESS.

Thou needst not search this mighty world around
To see the spot where happiness is found,
For thine is gathered in a nook more small
Than this great universe or earthly ball.
Go search thy breast and if 'tis absent there,
Thy happiness is absent everywhere.

ON FAIR WOMAN.

Fair woman is a blessing while
Her face is covered with a smile;
But is a terror to behold
The minute she begins to scold.
An angel and a tigress she
Can in ten feeling seconds be.

HEART WHISPERS

ON HARSH WORDS.

Harsh words bring shame on many a hoary head;
We speak them once, they speak when we are dead.
To lend them out is such a pleasing task,
We claim no note and no per centum ask.
When Fate pays back the debt and interest, too.
We scarce can think that half so much is due.
Such words make Love's most tender bosoms smart;
They never win, they always lose a heart.
Whate'er we seek to gain by them is lost;
They bring the suit, but we defray the cost.

ON THE DANGEROUS BOOK.

In boyhood's morn my parents sought
From Ruin's thrall to win me,
And little thought some things they taught
Were sowing tares within me.
Of my young heart great care they took,
Lest Payne should sow some seed in;
While woman's look—most dang'rous book—
They let me learn to read in.

ON GENIUS IN RUSTICITY.

When genius from Heaven's high portals is sent
To fashion some plowboy's low cabin, a shrine,
That hovel, though only a rude tenement,
For ages is worshiped as something divine.
No thicket so lonely, earth's bosom can give,
Where, hidden, that hovel might calmly repose;
And, nowhere, secluded, its tenant may live.
A genius has suitors wherever he goes.

HEART WHISPERS

ON THOUGHT.

Not always in the vaulted skies
The swift winged eagle seeks to rise.
No bush, no flower, no stream, no tree,
He tires of ether's boundless sea,
And seeks to sun his plumage where
The sounds of earth break on the air.
Thus wanders thought, and thus retires
On humbler scenes to waste her fires.

ON FORBIDDEN TREES.

Some scions of that woeful tree,
From our loved soil their branches shoot.
The tree that Eve once went to see;
And feasted on its baleful fruit.
And there are those in ev'ry land,
As thoughtless, still, and vain as she,
Who pluck with no reluctant hand
Destruction from some awful tree.

ON MAN.

See man, when storms destroy his painted pile
And send him bleeding o'er the naked glen,
Like the poor ant, in but a little while,
Seek the same spot and rear his house again.

HEART WHISPERS

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship's a plant of fibre splendid,
Most beautiful when most attended.
It grows where zephyrs fan the lightest,
And blossoms when the skies are brightest.
Its flowers are true types of neatness,
Their fragrance fills our souls with sweetness,
Their tints are such as we discover
On the smooth cheeks of Beauty's lover.
But when Fate's clouds are seen to lower,
And Misery pours her baleful shower,
We find the plant we nursed and cherished
Has doffed its pretty leaves and perished.

ON THE POET'S IDOL.

The child of song, from year to year,
Fond suitor of unending fame,
Pours his wild notes in woman's ear
And wreathes in song her cherished name.
With her begins his tuneful breath,
To her his sweetest lays are sung,
And e'en amid the gloom of death
Her hallowed name is on his tongue.

ON GENIUS' FLIGHT FROM OBSCURITY.

The lark to leave its lowly nest
The first occasion seizes,
And soaring pours from its soft breast
Soft music on the breezes.
'Tis thus with man of humble birth
When Fame's loud voice is swelling;
He leaves his hut, and all the earth
Becomes his future dwelling.

HEART WHISPERS

ON TWO BEGGARS.

The poorest vagrant on the street,
In this hard world may leave his care,
And in the next rest his tired feet,
No beggar, but a millionaire.
While he who hoards up millions here,
And, forced to leave them, dies perplexed.
Though worshiped in this little sphere
Turns out a beggar in the next.

ON NATURE'S PECULIARITIES.

Look not where matchless beauty glows
For wit's transcendent fire,
As nature grows the queenly rose
Upon an ugly brier.

ON YOUTHFUL DELUSIONS.

The dreams of youth, tho' bright and fair,
Are but delusions vain;
The harbingers of toil and care,
Misfortune, grief and pain.
And he who dreams o'er flow'ry meads
His future path may go,
Finds late in life that thorny weeds
There most luxuriant grow.

ON FALSE ESTEEM.

The friend who sings our praises loudest
And of our fame appears the proudest
In lovely June, when days are shiny,
And our poor hearts beseem most viny.

HEART WHISPERS

Is dead like weeds that blossom early
When comes November hoarse and surly.
And that poor weed's first blossom slumbers
O'er him who praised our June-day numbers.

ON LOVE BOUGHT LOVE.

Love bought with love and nursed with care
Out-lives the gold dust in our hair;
Throws Rapture's sunlight o'er our way
And turns Life's midnight into day;
Sits musing by our lowly bier
And there lets fall her saddest tear;
Unseen bestows her farewell kiss
And waits to take our hand in bliss;
While love that may be had for gold
Though dearly bought is cheaply sold.

ON TIMELY WARNINGS.

Oh! think not that his hopes will fail.
Whose cares are more than yours;
The bark that spreads the broadest sail
More of the breeze secures.
And ask not friendship of that man
Who seeks not such in thee,
For selfishness in friendship can
No shining jewel see.

ON TRUTH'S PERPETUITY.

False theories vanish like the dew
Where Reason lets her sunlight fall;
But Truth's are true, all ages thro',
Unfading flowers on nature's wall.

HEART WHISPERS

ON EXPENSIVE FRIENDSHIPS.

Friendships that last a little while
Are those that we have purchased dear;
And they that give us cause to smile,
In time are apt to cost a tear.

ON THE RUSTIC'S MOURNER.

We boast of triumph, skill and power
Around the embers of the brave,
But Quietude's the only flower
That blossoms by the rustic's grave.

ON FALSE VIEWS OF HAPPINESS.

Think not that men who win renown
Have happiness complete.
The tallest steeple in the town
Feels ev'ry tempest beat.
Nor think that those who grov'ling go,
Have that great boon in sight;
For they who build their hovel low
Shut out the warm sunlight.

ON VAIN ALLUREMENTS.

Sometimes our sweetest songs are sung
To lure some one from duty,
And Homeliness, with silver tongue,
Is apt to win a beauty.
Hope sometimes glares a meteor wild
That Reason fails to bridle,
And Fame, like Fortune's favored child,
At times grows vain and idle.

HEART WHISPERS

ON TARDINESS OF FAVORITES.

The little bird that sweetest sings
Is spring's most welcome guest.
But idle while her music rings
She rears no early nest.
And he whose smiles all hearts elate,
In Courtship's shining bower,
Ne'er sings his song, selects his mate
And weds her in an hour.

ON FREQUENT OCCURRENCES.

The sweetest bird that charms the ear of morn
To solitude may sing her life away;
The fairest flower grows nearest to the thorn:
The warmest lips some cruel things may say;
One idle deed may spoil a life of bliss;
Hope's pretty flower may perish in its bud;
Destruction may lie hidden in a kiss;
One little truth may cost an ounce of blood.

ON LOGICAL HINTS.

Stamped on the pallid brow of Age
Look not for childhood's roses;
Nor search for pathos in his page
Whose life no love discloses.

ON UNEXPECTED HAPPENINGS.

Sometimes, in humble huts, great hearts are born.
Great souls are oft enclosed in homely clay;
And dreams that came in childhood's early morn
Sometimes come true in manhood's closing day.

HEART WHISPERS

ON LOVE.

Love lightens up earth's darkest bower,
Unnerves the arm of strife;
And man has found no sweeter flower
Beside the road of life.



AMOROUS MELODIES

HEAVE ONE SWEET SIGH FOR ME.

High on the surge the vessel rides,
The gale is fresh and free,
Ere in yon wave the red sun hides
I shall be lost to thee.
Ere long green Scotia's vales and streams,
Her hills and mountains high,
Though seen before in boyhood's dreams,
Shall greet my wand'ring eye.
When far away on ocean's breast
My future path may be,
Will she, whose lip I lately pressed
Heave one sweet sigh for me?

Away, away, with wide spread wings
We skim the frothy swell,
And thou, best loved of earthly things,
A long, long, long farewell.
Should yonder surge, with crest of white,
Become the wand'rer's grave
Ere burning Sol to-morrow night
Shall stoop to paint the wave,
Should this of life but be my part,
Should this my portion be,
Will she, with whom I left my heart,
Shed one bright tear for me?

Should Fortune smile and naught go wrong,
And this proud bark convey
Me to the shore I've loved so long
Endeared by Burns' lay;
As on I move with measured tread
To view the flow'rs that bloom

HEART WHISPERS

Above proud Scotia's mighty dead
Around her minstrel's tomb,
Will she whose ever beaming smile
I have been pleased to see,
She who enslaves my heart the while,
Heave one sweet sigh for me?

WHERE SOME FOND HEART REPOSES.

Go view the spot where sank to rest
All that may sleep of Beauty,
And place upon her mould'ring breast
What may beseem thy duty.
Go plant the laurel o'er the brave,
Ere ev'ning's twilight closes;
But keep your myrtle for the grave
Where some fond heart reposes.

Go pause awhile with soul sincere
Where Virtue's labors ended,
And view the moss-grown hillock near
Where Misery's task suspended.
Go tear the tall, rank grass away
That o'er some genius closes;
But keep your tears to bathe the clay
Where some fond heart reposes.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee
When fair-faced morn breaks into birth,
And those wild warblers of the tree
Pour forth their lays of love and mirth,
I think of thee.

HEART WHISPERS

I think of thee
When darkness drops her dusky veil,
And hurries home the lab'ring bee
From flow'ry grove and winding dale,
I think of thee.

I think of thee
When sad, sweet thoughts glide on amain,
Like ripples o'er the swelling sea,
As slumber steals upon my brain,
I think of thee.

WE MET.

We met; I gazed into her eyes,
That same soul-soothing glance was there.
Remembrance smiled o'er days gone by
And Fancy bridged the gulf of Care.
Long years of pain and toil had sped,
Since by her side I made my seat,
I thought that boyhood's hopes were dead,
And passion's fire had lost its heat.

We met; the festive circle gazed
As if to read our inmost souls;
Nor word was spoke, nor hand was raised,
Nor smile to fan affection's coals.
She paused; I strove to look austere
Despite my bosom's cruel smart;
But thought the gaping crowd would hear
The wild pulsations of my heart.

COME LET ME GAZE.

Come let me gaze into thine eyes,
For in their depths of blue,
I see thy fond affections rise
In sparkling gleams anew.

HEART WHISPERS

Long years have flown since by my side
Mine eyes beheld thee last;
Bright hopes have risen, bloomed and died
And slumber with the past.

Long years have flown and I am changed,
My youthful years are o'er;
The flow'ry lawns where once we ranged
May know our feet no more.

Yes, changed, alas! my boyish flame
Was smould'ring faint and low;
But finding thy fond heart the same
Renews its ardent glow.

THE KISS.

One kiss, sweet lady, ere we part,
I ask no more of thee;
I claim no portion in thy heart,
No burning tears for me.

One parting kiss, then on my way
I'll urge these weary feet.
See, on the beach of yonder bay
The boiling billows beat.

Go dry that tear and check thy sigh—
They spoil my moment's bliss—
I bade not tears bedim thine eye;
I claimed one harmless kiss.

SLEEP ON.

Sleep on sweet maiden in thy grave,
The cold turf thrown above thee,
None know what pain thy exit gave,
None know who yet may love thee.

HEART WHISPERS

Or who has wept beside thy mound
 When no one else was weeping,
Or who has kept his vigils 'round
 When no one else was keeping.

Sleep on my sweet and gentle one,
 On thy low couch before me,
My boyish heart was all undone
 When Obit's blight came o'er thee.
They knew not when they placed thee here
 How his young heart was swelling,
Who then without one tender tear
 Surveyed thy narrow dwelling.

WHEN LAST WE MET.

When last we met I thought her eyes
 Would look my bosom thro',
Could she have thought my tears would rise
 Or passion wake anew?

I met her glance unmoved and mild.
 With neither smile nor frown,
And tho' my boyish heart went wild
 I kept its pulses down.

I had not erred, and cared no more
 To fan the smothered flame;
She gazed till pale confusion o'er
 Her lovely features came.

On, on I talked; my simple themes,
 The lawn, the grove, the bower;
And Fancy hung a wreath of dreams
 About life's closing hour.

HEART WHISPERS

SHE WEPT.

She wept: great tears of sadness came
 Into her brilliant eyes,
I felt my own wild heart grow tame,
 My own emotions rise.
Of youthful years remembrance brought
 Me many a smile and tear,
Ere Reason had deep lessons taught
 To wayward Fancy's ear.

She wept; across her dimpled cheek
 The glistening tear drops stole,
She looked as if her heart would speak
 The sadness of her soul.
I kissed away each tender tear,
 Nor deemed its flow unmeet,
And breathed wild words into her ear
 I need not here repeat.

SHE SAID SHE KNEW OF ONE.

She said she knew of one
 Whose heart is full of friendship's fire
For him—Misfortune's lonely son—
 Who wakes this simple lyre.

She said she knew of one
 Who'd shed one sympathetic tear
If Adcock's sands of life were run,
 And ended his career.

She said she knew of one
 Who'd heap the turf above his head,
And strew sweet flowers at set of sun
 Upon his humble bed.

HEART WHISPERS

I LOVE THEE YET.

I love thee yet,
Thou first ideal of my heart;
And by my soul I'll ne'er forget
The cruel cause that bade us part.
I love thee yet.

I love thee yet.
Our parting moment left my brain
With many a midnight thought beset:
But why at treach'rous Fate complain?
I love thee yet.

I love thee yet.
This brings to mind our parting hour:
In Ocean's lap, day's orb had set,
With Twilight's tears on ev'ry flower.
I love thee yet.

I love thee yet.
With one sweet kiss I left thy side.
Nor since that parting have we met.
Tho' all the world should taunt and chide,
I love thee yet.

I love thee yet.
My boyish heart still clings to thee;
With scalding tears mine eyes are wet;
Oh, why should Fate so cruel be?
I love thee yet.

IT MAY BE.

It may be that in future years
I shall not love thee so;
It may be that these burning tears
In time shall cease to flow.

HEART WHISPERS

It may be that the storms of Time
Shall blanch thy bonny brow;
And passion's fire be less sublime
Than I conceive it now.

O FARE THEE WELL.

O fare thee well! since we must part,
And should we chance to meet no more,
Thy name shall live within my heart
"Till life's unhallowed dream is o'er.
Here had I thought to make my home,
Here, had I thought to rest my clay;
But duty calls me forth to roam
And, with reluctance, I obey.

O fare thee well! since I must go,
And part forever from thy side,
I would I could remain, but, Oh!
Ungenerous Fate that bliss denied.
And though I go you need not grieve.
Though you should often think of me;
Nor need you sigh because I leave
This verse and my poor heart with thee.

GO KISS THE SMILE.

Go kiss the smile from Beauty's lip,
The bright tear from her eye;
Then tell me 'tis no task to sip
Affection's fountain dry.

Go smooth bright Beauty's shining hair,
Gaze in her thrilling eyes;
Then tell me if no charm is there
To bid affections rise.

HEART WHISPERS

Go let her melting accents steal
 Into thy secret soul;
Then tell me if thou canst not feel
 Affection's surges roll.

O THINK OF ME.

O think of me!
When I'm far distant from thine eye
 And some fond suitor kneels to thee,
Tho' fair his face and soft his sigh,
 O let me not forgotten be!
Tho' I'm not there to catch thy smile,
 Don't think that I'm less fond than he;
But smile on him a little while,
 Then think of me.

O think of me!
When day's bright orb lies down the west
 To bathe his red face in the sea,
While pleasure fills thy gentle breast
 And Fancy smiles o'er what may be.
Should some fair face, when I have gone,
 Bestow love's sweetest smiles to thee,
As the soft hours steal on and on,
 O think of me!

COME, TELL ME.

Come, tell me if thy heart has kept,
 Still kept our parting vow,
I shall not ask if thou hast wept,
 I've seen thy clouded brow.

HEART WHISPERS

Yes, tell me if thy heaving breast
Yet feels my bosom dear;
But why appears thy soul distress'd?
What starts that burning tear?

If in thy mind of vanished years
One pleasing thought remains,
Come, let me dry thy pensive tears.
And mend love's broken chains.

When late I met thy searching eyes
They struck into my soul;
'Tis hard to rend love's early ties
And send them to their goal.

Come, tell me if thy heart has kept,
Aye, kept our parting vow.
Between us once obstructions crept.
But Time averts them now.

'TIS ALL IN VAIN

'Tis all in vain! Then why wilt thou
Thus wake the flames we once subdued?
For that bright hour has vanished now
When I might woo as once I wooed.

Those times are flown, and visions bright
That filled my heart o'erfull of joy
Have vanished, too, and I'm, to-night,
In manhood's prime, a thoughtless boy.

HEART WHISPERS

WELL, THOU ARE CHANGED.

Well, thou are changed, but ask me not
If thou art still adored by me;
Earth has not one lone nook or spot
That might not be my home with thee.
Where would I stray, where would I roam,
What land or clime would seem like home,
What spot of earth afford delight,
If thou wert banished from my sight?

Yes, thou art changed; I had not thought
To find thy features changed so soon.
Thy spring of life in passing brought
Thy heart the warm bright days of June.
But like the rose in summer's bower
Thy lips are yet no faded flower;
Nor have thy cheeks become too pale
To blush at love's delightful tale.

O thou are changed! These hapless years
Have filched thy playfulness from thee;
Not now so oft thy smile appears,
But not less dear that smile to me.
These cruel years have served to crush
From thy soft cheek life's morning blush,
And made thine eye's wild glances tame,
But they enslave my heart the same.

Yes, thou are changed; but in thy heart
I fain would hold my wonted share,
And though thy beauties all depart
I seek to lose no portion there.
While I perceive slight change in thee
I feel that time has worsted me;
But still all beautiful thou art,
For I behold thee through my heart.

HEART WHISPERS

I'M ALL ALONE.

I'm all alone!
On Earth's broad breast or ocean's brine,
From pole to pole or zone to zone,
There's no warm heart that feels for mine.
I'm all alone.

I'm all alone!
When darkness hides the land and sea,
And Silence sits on Labor's throne,
No blazing hearth is lit for me.
I'm all alone.

I'm all alone!
In Pleasure's hall when Beauty's smile
Like Phoebus' parting rays are thrown,
I meet her glance a little while.
Then I'm alone.

I'm all alone!
A thoughtless wanderer to the tomb,
I steal along unloved, unknown;
Sad solitude is now my doom.
I'm all alone.

I'm all alone!
For me through life's eventful scene
Hope, peace and joy are doubtless flown;
And soon beneath the herbage green
I'll sleep alone.

I'm all alone!
When I have spent my parting sigh,
Mark on my monumental stone;
"Here Adcock's mould'ring embers lie
All, all alone."

HEART WHISPERS

WE MET TO PART.

We met to part; oh! how forlorn
Are loving hearts when forced to sever!
And Fortune smiling half in scorn
Had thrown our hopes aside forever.
Her bright tears came, I turned my face,
O how could I endure it longer!
But ling'ring in her fond embrace
I thought I felt my heart beat stronger.

We met to part; and silence came;
Few words from either lips were spoken.
In plaintive sighs she breathed my name
As if her tender heart were broken.
That day was bright; from out the trees
The minstrels viewed our warm caresses;
And wildly to the scented breeze
Play'd her vast wealth of shining tresses.

We met to part; the round, red sun
From evening's golden gate was shining;
Then naught in nature seemed undone,
And naught on earth was then repining.
I kissed the bright tear from her eye
While my young heart was wildly beating.
And wept as sped its moments by
To find life's little day so fleeting.

We met to part; far down the bay
We view'd the white capp'd surges swelling,
Where anchored still the proud bark lay
To bear me from her cozy dwelling.
I pressed her lips and bade farewell
To all that life held dear forever;
Sad tears are shed, fond bosoms swell,
When loving hearts are forced to sever.

HEART WHISPERS

IF THOU WERT MINE.

If thou wert mine and we were young,
'Twould drive away my sadness;
My sweetest strains should then be sung
To fill thy soul with gladness.
Along the slopes we'd pause again
Where rivulets were straying,
And stroll adown the flow'ry glen
To watch the lambkins playing.

If thou wert mine I'd not repine.
O gen'rous hearted woman!
Thy face and form seem so divine
I scarce can think thee human.
And hadst thou not with willing ear
To other tongues have listened,
On thy smooth cheek that burning tear
To-day need not have glistened.

I SAW THY FACE.

I saw thy face; 'twas lovely still;
The mighty past rose up before me;
Mine eyes with tears began to fill
And feelings fond at once came o'er me.

I saw thy face; the same sad tear
Was in thine eye when last I met thee.
I little thought thou wert so dear,
I'd told my heart it should forget thee.

I saw thy face; my reason fled
And thou wert soon as dear as ever;
Adieu thou path I'd thought to tread,
My foolish heart is gone forever.

HEART WHISPERS

I LOVE THEE STILL.

I love thee still; deep in my heart
Affection burns the same;
I feel my sluggish pulses start
At mention of thy name.
He need not think by ceaseless din
To turn my heart from thee;
'Tis all in vain for thou hast been
Too long adored by me.

I love thee still; it matters not
What mighty Time has done,
Our parting hour is not forgot,
My sweet, my lovely one.
And, by my soul! the sparkling tear
That o'er thy bright eye came
Was to my bleeding heart more dear
Than fortune, wealth or fame.

I love thee still; 'tis sweet to gaze
Upon thy smiling brow.
I nursed the flame in other days
That burns so brightly now.
His taunts and jeers but made me feel
That futile was his aim;
For e'en had they been swords of steel
Their fate had been the same.

I love thee still; each passing hour
Endears thee to my heart,
And I have hoped no earthly power
Might tear our souls apart.
Vain was his aim who thought to quell
These passions of my soul;
Yes, truly vain; he had as well
Bade ocean not to roll.

HEART WHISPERS

SINCE THEN.

Since last we met the lengthy hours
On tardy wings have passed away;
The bird that then sang in the bow'rs,
Long since has hushed its loving lay.

The sun that then was sinking low,
Since then has often kissed the sea;
And he who breathed, "I hate to go,"
In smiles and tears has thought of thee.

Since then he has beheld thee oft
In all thy charms, thy mirth and glee.
At midnight's hour, when slumbers soft
Had lulled the heart that beats for thee.

A FEW MORE YEARS.

A few more years shall steal away
On Time's unwearied wing,
And on yon winding hill decay
A few more blooms of spring.
Those few brief years may seam my brow,
But serve to perfect thine,
Then I can by the sacred vow
Clasp thy fond heart to mine.

A few more smiles, a few more tears,
A few more parting hours,
Then she whose brow so soft appears
Shall wear the bridal flowers.
A few short years, sweet girl, and thou
Shalt childhood's days resign,
Then I can by the sacred vow
Clasp thy fond heart to mine.

HEART WHISPERS

IT SEEMS AN AGE.

It seems an age since last beside
Thy blazing hearth we met,
And cruel Time his skill has tried
To teach me to forget.
But all his efforts are in vain
For absence teaches me
That thou art in my heart and brain,
And I'm in love with thee.
I smile to think that one fond breast
Has deigned to feel for mine;
If I a spotless one possessed
'Twere still unworthy thine.
The moments flew on Pleasure's wing,
My bosom rose with pride
When last I struck the trembling string
With Alice by my side.
Love's sweetest smile was on thy face
All, all that afternoon;
From out the viol's soft embrace
It helped me force the tune.
On went the dance that ev'ning tide,
Bright eyes upon me shone,
Warm hearts were there and by my side
The warmest I had known.

SWEET GIRL.

Sweet girl, if I had aught more dear
Than my own heart to me,
Without a sigh, without a tear,
I'd offer it to thee.
But since I've not, O take my heart!
I can not give thee more;
I would I could its warmth impart,
It loves thee to its core.

HEART WHISPERS

SUNDAY EVENING.

I've seen thee not; the shades of eve
 Slow steal along the western hills,
And by my hearth I'm left to grieve
 At dull misfortune's countless ills.
Had I but seen thy sparkling eye,
 One moment viewed thy features o'er,
This heart to-night had beat as high
 As Fancy's wing e'er dared to soar.

I've seen thee not; the gloom steals on
 O'er peaceful Nature's heaving breast;
The sun's last ling'ring ray is gone,
 And darkness wraps the distant west.
Perchance that bosom warm and young
 Is filled with dark forebodings now,
And I have these sad numbers sung
 While fever scorched my pallid brow.

AT PARTING SHE GAVE IT.

At parting she gave it and whispered, "Goodby,"
 In accents that rendered my wild bosom tame;
And the tear then stealing in her deep, dark eye
 Was dearer to my heart than fortune or fame.

Her features seemed fairer than ever before,
 I played with the ringlets that lay on her brow,
And felt that I nourished in my heart's deep core,
 A passion that lurks in that bosom till now.

One moment I lingered and felt in my soul
 The rapture that poets have painted so long;
Nor wondered why Beauty's bright eyes could enroll
 The feelings of bosoms that warble in song.

HEART WHISPERS

The soul pining numbers that sad Byron sung
At moments when passion was burning so high;
Even those all glowing from Burns' smooth tongue
Were lifeless to the tear then seen in her eye.

WHEN THIS SAD HEART.

When this sad heart and burning brow
Are laid in earth's untroubled breast,
O tell me not, sweet girl, that thou
Wilt pause to view their place of rest.
Or that thou wilt one warm tear shed
Around my cold and silent bed;
Or stoop to plant one tender flower
Beside my grave at ev'ning's hour.

Thou wilt forget all those bright hours
I spent with thee when life was fair;
And e'en forget the countless flow'rs
I've twisted in thy waving hair.
Perchance thou wilt that kiss forget
When last by thy warm hearth we met;
And all my words, my smiles and tears
Be lost to thee in future years.

I LOVE THEE.

I love thee and bemoan the hour
That brings our parting nearer,
To my own heart, O gentle flower!
I feel there's nothing dearer.
Long years have flown since that bright eve
I taught that heart to woo thee;
Long years; nor have I cause to grieve
Of that fond gift unto thee.

HEART WHISPERS

I love thee, and if by thy side
My years be few or many,
Think not that I shall e'er divide
My heart and love with any.
Frown not if other eyes should steal
Some wild poetic raptures;
Thy heart, and thine alone, I feel,
My whole devotion captures.

YOUNG AFFECTION.

When young Affection o'er the heart
Asserts her pleasing sway,
No tongue can half our joys impart,
Or half our hopes portray.

How bright each coming prospect seems
How smooth life's future track;
We pass no eye that brightly gleams
But sends its glances back.

We catch no word, no loving word,
From tender lips and fair,
That might not at some time be heard
Commingled with our prayer.

We catch no smile but strikes the string
That vibrates in the heart;
And prompted by that matchless thing
Our warmest feelings start.

No throbbing hand is prest in ours
But plays its destined part;
No stolen walk amid the bow'rs
But captivates a heart.

To ours no melting lips are prest,
No heaving bosom meets,
That wakes not in our yielding breast
The sweetest of all sweets.

HEART WHISPERS

Each loving smile that we descry
Is answered by our own;
We'd wager worlds to prove her sigh
Was meant for us alone.

Her blushes, smiles and timid tears
Call passion into birth;
We gaze entranced and she appears
The fairest thing of earth.

SWEET LIPS.

Sweet lips—but why should I consign
My busy heart to Beauty's care?
For manhood's sober years are mine
And I have paid my homage there.
Shall all my nobler years depart
With slow and stately step erewhile,
And age appear to find my heart
Still, still in love with woman's smile?

Sweet lips—but mine shall press them not;
Soft eyes, but yet I claim no tear,
And though I ne'er may share her lot
Without her love I'm lonely here.
In other years could I have known
Her gentle heart one moment mine, -
Not all the gold of ev'ry zone
Had made my heart that gem resign.

Sweet lips, but they were made to press
Warm kisses on another face;
And she would spurn my fond caress,
Disdain to fall in my embrace.
But why go on and waste my hours
With none to soothe, with none to bless?
For Beauty's bird from Beauty's bow'rs,
With songs may charm a wilderness.

HEART WHISPERS

Sweet lips, but not for mine to press;
Sweet smiles, but yet I claim not one.
I sigh too long and sigh too much
When once my homage is begun.
I know not if she loves me yet
Or if she holds my bosom dear;
I only know when last we met
Her thrilling accents filled mine ear.

FAIR WOMAN.

My morning was lovely, no storm cloud arose,
Life's future horizon to darken with care;
My pleasures were many and few were my woes
While sporting with Beauty's soft ringlets of hair.

My feelings were bouyant, those moments were mine,
With rapture unceasing I winged them away;
Her numbers were sweeter than Little's smooth line,
Her whispers were softer than Philomel's lay.

In Beauty's bright tresses I little thought then
That passion had hidden so subtle a snare;
Those ringlets were charming, I viewed them again,
My heart in a moment entangled was there.

On Beauty's soft bosom my head has reposed
Since first in her bower I sported along;
And nothing till being's last moments have clos'd
Shall free me from fetters so tender, yet strong.

All trembling with coyness I knelt at her shrine
Till fondness had driven my scruples away.
O woman! fair woman! my heart is all thine,
Thou solace, thou comfort in life's stormy day.

Let minstrels who revel in bloodshed and tears
Go laud up their heroes, and bury them, too;
I wooed her, I loved her, in manhood's first years.
To woman my numbers are due, ever due.

HEART WHISPERS

I SEE THEE YET.

I see thee yet, aye, see the yet,
In mem'ry's starlit sky;
Tho' years have passed since last we met
I toss them idly by.
On thy soft lip, on thy smooth cheek,
The smiles begin to start,
And words are frail, too frail to speak
Out all my melting heart.

I see thee yet, aye, see thee yet,
As when we bade farewell;
To thy soft eyes in tear drops wet
My heart in bondage fell.
The fairest face that meets me now
Brings back unto my mind
Some tender tear, some clouded brow,
That I have left behind.

I see thee yet, aye, see thee yet,
Through all the cruel years
That have flown o'er us since we met
And wept those parting tears.
When shall I e'er, if e'er at all,
Forget your lovely face;
When shall Hope's air built fabric fall
And tremble at its base.

I see thee yet, aye, see thee yet,
So graceful and so fair
That my worn heart may half forget
Its long borne weight of care.
Yes, half forget to know there be
Fond hearts that felt for mine;
And see by mem'ry's starlight, see
Aught human so divine.

HEART WHISPERS

THE SMILE.

That smile, dear maid, inspires me here
To string the poet's lyre;
'Tis in a smile, a sigh, a tear,
We catch affection's fire.

Oh! 'twas a gleam of tenderness
Caught from thy earnest soul
That o'er thy cheek's deep loveliness
Like parting sunbeams stole.

Yes, 'twas a ripple from the spring
Of maiden purity
That struck my heart's electric string
All, all unconsciously.

CANST THOU NOT GAZE.

Canst thou not gaze into my face
And feel thy heart at rest?
O tell me why thou canst not chase
Mine image from thy breast!
What calls the blush into thy cheek,
The tear into thine eye,
And brings a shudder when you speak
Of happy years gone by?

I ask no sigh, I ask no tear,
No heart-felt sadness now,
I've felt Time's plowshare year by year
Intrenching on my brow.
And thine is pale, Oh! paler far
Than in those years gone by,
When Passion lit her morning star
To light up manhood's sky.

HEART WHISPERS

COME THOU WITH EYES.

Come thou with eyes as black as night,

While raven ringlets kiss thy brow,

No fairer form e'er met my sight,

No fonder heart e'er kept my vow.

I'll heave not sighs, I'll waste not tears,

While thy fond bosom beats for mine;

I'm old at heart but young in years;

I've plucked the grapes from passion's vine.

To clasp thy hand in mine renews

My bosom's old accustomed beat;

While Fancy in my pathway strews

The same bright flowers I used to meet.

O thou! with eyes as black as night,

And raven ringlets on thy brow,

Thy love made manhood's morning bright,

And forms my greatest blessing now.

MY SWAY IS O'ER.

My sway is o'er, my time is past,

I ne'er may make thee mine;

But I shall love thee to the last

And o'er my loss repine.

One smile on thy soft lip conveys

Me much of happiness;

And I, e'en in these latter days,

Would fain thy heart possess.

My sway is o'er, and I am left

To rue my wild career;

My heart of ev'ry hope bereft

Gropes on in darkness here.

HEART WHISPERS

I knew not when that heart to thee
 Played truant years ago
That in the long ones then to be
 Thy face would haunt me so.

My sway is o'er, in thy firm heart
 No love for me remains,
And I but played an idler's part
 To forge these galling chains.
O could those by-gone happy hours
 Again return to me
I'd whisper less of birds and flowers
 And more of love to thee!

My sway is o'er; I nursed too long
 That flame within my breast;
The bird that sings the sweetest song
 Is slow to rear her nest.
Oh! 'tis an easy thing to let
 The golden present fly;
But not so easy to forget
 The light in Beauty's eye.

O SMILE NOT SO SWEETLY.

O smile not so sweetly unless you desire
 To capture my bosom and set it on fire!
O look not so lovely, so charming and neat
 Unless you would have me to kneel at your feet!

My heart is impassioned with Beauty's sweet smile,
 She charms me, she cheers me, I've loved her awhile;
And ne'er till my bosom's last pulses are o'er
 Shall I be persuaded to love her no more.

O speak not so gently, sweet lady, unless
 Thy fond heart is willing my sad one to bless!
'Tis easy to love thee since thou art so fair;
 So pleasing thy features, so glossy thy hair.

HEART WHISPERS

O FARE THEE WELL.

O fare thee well! if in thy heart
The stings of hopeless love repair.
Thou know'st who made that bosom smart,
And seated that dull sadness there.
The time has been when he who now
Has wasted all that nature gave,
Had placed love's wreath upon your brow,
Or gone to fill a martyr's grave.

O fare thee well! if in thine eye
Now steals the trembling tear of woe,
'Twas thine own words in days gone by
That caused those burning tears to flow.
Those thoughtless words in time will cost
Thee thy own bliss and banish mine;
Worlds were not worth what I have lost,
Or crowns what now I must resign.

O fare thee well! if peace and joy
In future years are thine no more,
'Twas thou alone that didst destroy
The happiness thou hadst in store.
Ah! hapless maid! had passion slept,
Thy heart and mine had been more free;
Now all the tears by Beauty wept
Would fail to chain my heart to thee.

I BADE FAREWELL.

I bade farewell, but all in vain;
It shall not be, it must not be;
That word would tear the heart in twain
Which long ago I gave to thee.

HEART WHISPERS

Yea, by my soul it would destroy
Each future thought in Care's abyss;
'Twould exile love, hope, peace and joy,
And sink the fountain of my bliss.

I bade farewell, nor asked my heart
If Love had built his temple there;
I little thought to feel the smart
That now my soul is doomed to bear.
I knew not then thou wert so dear,
I knew not then I loved thee so,
I had not thought to shed a tear
O'er thee or all the world below.

I bade farewell and turned from thee
With hopes to see thy face no more,
And thought my future home would be
Far on the bright Pacific's shore.
The tear that filled thy tender eye
Was far more bright than morning dew;
But heedless then I passed thee by,
Tho' knowing well thy heart was true.

O SINCE YOU HAVE LEFT ME.

O since you have met me with feelings of kindness
I promise to restore my heart unto you!
As love has been branded by poets with blindness
And the charge tho' severe is doubtless as true.

I love you as dearly as e'er in the past time,
As fondly, sincerely as ever of yore;
You kiss me again, I remember the last time,
And the sunshine that fell thy features all o'er.

Come lean on my bosom, it loves thee most truly,
Its warmest pulsation is due unto thee;
I owe thee my homage, and tender it duly,
No part of our folly shall linger with me.

HEART WHISPERS

THE VINE TRELLISED GATE.

Some moments in childhood past sweetly with time
Which mem'ry from fondness would dare to relate;
And manhood has furnished some truly sublime,
For instance that hour by the vine trellised gate.

Then low in the west hung the bright orb of day,
Preparing for slumber no far distant date;
Ere parting I fancied I'd something to say
As we were alone by the vine trellised gate.

The zephyrs of ev'ning dashed heedlessly by,
Nor would with their soul soothing fragrance await;
I gazed on her cheek and her glossy blue eye
And we were alone by the vine trellised gate.

By this, the red sun slumbered low in the west,
The beauties of nature no tongue could o'errate;
She promised to be mine and leaned on my breast,
And we were alone by the vine trellised gate.

Then far in the woodland, so tangled and rude,
The owlet kept calling his sad hearted mate,
While calmly the night hawk her victim pursued,
And we were alone by the vine trellised gate.

When darkness had shut o'er the dim distant glen,
And prudence might truly a parting dictate,
I kissed her and fondly embraced her again,
And left her alone at the vine trellised gate.

The soldier may hasten to the blood-dyed field
And purchase a title high sounding and great;
But solace or comfort it never can yield
To rival my hour by the vine trellised gate.

The miser may struggle his millions to hoard
Till summoned to answer the summons of Fate;
But solace or pleasure they ne'er can afford
Compared with that hour by the vine trellised gate.

HEART WHISPERS

Give riches or titles to those who request;
Give freedom to the wretch who stares thro' the grate;
But should you endeavor to soothe my sad breast
O give me that hour by the vine trellised gate!

IF I WERE YOUNG.

If I were young and you were young
And both our hands were free,
Sweet words might ripple from my tongue
And thou mightst smile on me.
Then might I ask thee for thy heart
And mine in turn bestow;
Then might I feel how dear thou art—
Might even tell thee so.

I love thee, but I'm free to say
I'd fain that secret hide;
And I have loved thee since the day
I first sat by thy side.
Yes, love thee, but I ask no more
Than friendship in return;
O grant me this and as of yore
Still let my passion burn!

Twelve years ago I left unsaid
What might have pleased thine ear;
O'er that neglect my heart has bled
As you can witness here.
Thro' all those years I've toiled in vain
To smother down my flame,
But my poor heart and tortured brain
Perceive its warmth the same.

The greenest paths that I can find
Are those where we have stray'd;
I love them for they, on my mind,
Have true impressions made.

HEART WHISPERS

Earth's dearest spot is that bright bower
Where first you smiled on me;
And sunset brings my sweetest hour—
It makes me think of thee.

The softest breeze is that which blows
From where you chance to be;
The sweetest words of all are those
That you have said to me;
The brightest birds that sing their lays
Now in the trees above
Are those that warbled on the sprays
'Neath which we talked of love.

Sweet lady, thou art dear to me,
Nor can I tell thee why;
My fire of love burns on for thee
Despite the years gone by.
Burns on for thee, but grant me not
One word or thought undue;
Smile on, and pardon me for what
I've whispered here to you.

GO WREATHE THY SOFT FOREHEAD.

Go wreath thy soft forehead in flowers as fair
As ever o'er woman's smooth temples were hung,
And with them embellish thy long, shining hair
Thou, like them, art lovely, art tender and young.

A slave to thy beauty I'm ever from this;
I love thee, adore thee, and offer my all.
I would live in thy heart tho' cotters may hiss
To see me inhabit a dwelling so small.

HEART WHISPERS

WEEP NOT SWEET GIRL.

Weep not sweet girl when I shall leave
Life's gay and joyous throng,
I would not one fond heart should grieve
For me in sighs or song.

Weep not, sweet girl, I claim no tear
My grave in ocean's breast;
No, never let thy gentle mind
Lose one sweet moment's rest.

Weep not, sweet girl, I claim no tear
From Beauty's sparkling eye,
When mould'ring in their humble bier
My darkened embers lie.

- - - - -

O LADY, SWEET LADY!

O lady, sweet lady! our pastimes are o'er,
And now by thy side I may wander no more;
To regions far distant thy footsteps shall roam
While duty compels me to linger at home.

O lady, sweet lady! if faces more fair
In thy deep feeling heart should capture my share;
If I know not my loss 'twill grieve not my heart
And I shall adore thee wherever thou art.

- - - - -

I STOOD ON THE HILLSIDE.

I stood on the hillside
One lovely May morn
And the sad doves still sighed
From out the rude thorn;

HEART WHISPERS

The mockbirds were singing
 Their anthems above;
The woodland was ringing
 With matins of love.

The pheasant was humming
 Far off in the brake—
Her strange way of drumming
 Made every thing shake;
Old Phoebus shone brightly,
 And soft was the air,
My bosom beat lightly,
 For Mary was there.

My Mary had features
 Attractive for me;
The fairest of creatures
 I thought her to be.
I pressed her hand lightly
 As she stood by my side,
And thought that she might be
 In manhood my bride.

SWEET MARY.

Sweet Mary, in childhood
 We strayed thro' the dell,
Our sports by the wild-wood
 No numbers may tell.
Thy bosom's fond feelings
 I read in thine eyes,
Those gentle revealings
 That matrons chastise.

I sought not to woo thee
 By language expressed,
For my heart unto thee
 Had flown from my breast.

HEART WHISPERS

I loved thee sincerely,
I knew it the while,
So fondly, so dearly,
I worshiped thy smile.

From the eve till the morrow
You dwelt in my mind,
I knew not that sorrow
Was skulking behind;
But clouds o'er the morning
Of childhood were strown
When duty gave warning
That pleasure had flown.

I felt that our parting
Would sadden my heart;
The sad tears were starting,
I welcomed their start.
So fondly you eyed me
With soul-thrilling gaze,
They saw who espied me
My countenance blaze.

At midnight we parted,
The revel was o'er,
I left thee and started
To my rude hut's door.
The viol's soft numbers
Rang sweet in mine ear;
That night in my slumbers
They sounded as clear.

Thy soft eyes were glancing
Deep into my own;
We joined in the dancing,
We lingered alone.
Those eyes were so tender
As they gazed in mine,
I worshiped their splendor
As something divine.

HEART WHISPERS

O then thou wert taken
 Away from my side!
My young heart was shaken
 But rallied its pride.
Not since have I met thee
 To gaze on thy form,
But ne'er shall forget thee
 While this heart is warm.

O now thou art sleeping!
 Nor need I know where;
No sad eye is keeping
 Its lone vigils there.
But he who remembers
 Thy features to-day
Could weep where thy embers
 In silence decay.

O SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME.

O say that you love me, sweet lady, to-night!
 And let me be happy ere parting with thee.
The breezes blow softly, and Scynthia's pale light
 Steals in at the window betwixt thee and me.
May nothing more dreadful between us appear
 Till Obit's cold fingers have broken the chain,
And silenced thy bosom forever, my dear,
 Or snatched me away to his dusky domain.

O say that you love me, sweet lady! and let
 Me place on thy finger this cirelet of gold,
It cost me a fortnight of labor and sweat
 But this bit of av'rice I need not have told.
For where is the desert or where is the pole,
 Aye, where is the ocean I would not explore
If thou wilt but promise with heart and with soul
 To love me and wed me when my journey is o'er?

HEART WHISPERS

O say that you love me, sweet lady! nor deign
My bosom in torture one moment to hold;
Thy love is a treasure I seek to obtain—
I'd rather possess it than Vanderbilt's gold.
Then say that you love me and let me possess
This treasure, this jewel, so charming and dear;
Unless I secure it I truly confess
My bosom is henceforth a desert most drear.

I KNOW THAT YOU LOVE ME.

I know that you love me, sweet lady, although
Thy fair lips have never this secret revealed,
For love, like the sunbeam, sets beauty aglow
And brightens our features when we think it conceal'd.
You grant me your friendship and firmly declare
That love in your bosom ne'er nestled for me;
But love is true friendship's legitimate heir,
Then where is the difference, if difference there be.

I know that you love me, sweet lady, as well
As if you had said it with tears in thine eye,
Your actions have told what no language can tell,
And now to disprove it is fruitless to try.
Then come to my bosom nor cause me to sigh,
I love you as fondly as you have loved me.
Tho' others have wooed thee in moments gone by,
Regardless of past loves, I'm happy with thee.

I know that you love me, sweet lady, and yet
You dare to deny it, but make it more true;
The beacon of love on life's rude ocean set,
Quite seldom is hidden from the mariner's view.
Thro' all of your features that beacon still glows
In spite of your efforts to darken the way;
Your glossy blue eyes its fair presence disclose
'Twas friendship at one time, but true love to-day.

HEART WHISPERS

O SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

O send me back my truant heart!
'T has been away from home too long.
Yes, send it back and I'll impart
From out its depths one farewell song.
It loves thee but it loves in vain
For thou hast ne'er its love returned,
Ten years within my heart and brain
For thee that fire of love has burned.

O send me back my truant heart!
Though it has bled upon the rack
And suffered many a cruel smart
I'll take the hopeless wanderer back.
With compass lost, with rudder gone,
And all its tattered canvas furled,
I'll take it back and wander on,
A hermit in a crowded world.

SAY NOT THAT I LOVED IN VAIN.

Say not that I have loved in vain
And that thou'lt love me never,
That cruel word would tear in twain
My boyish heart forever;
'T would exile all my pleasures here
For I love thee sincerely,
And I've, thro' many a by-gone year,
Loved thee, and loved thee dearly.

Say not one word to make me sigh
Or make my pathway drearer;
I find, as the fleet years steal by,
That thou art growing dearer.

HEART WHISPERS

I've toiled to wrench my heart from thee,
And all thy ties to sever,
But thou hast set thy spells on me,
Now I'm thy slave forever.

Say not 'tis vain forever more
For me to love thee, woo thee;
My boyish bosom from its core
Pours out its fondness to thee.
I love thee more each time we meet
And have since first I met thee;
This beating heart shall cease to beat
Ere I shall e'er forget thee.

Say not that I have loved for naught,
And that the hopes I cherish
With many a sweet and tender thought,
Like leaves, are doomed to perish.
One harsh word from thy rosy lips
Would all my heart-strings sever,
My fondly cherished hopes eclipse
And spoil my peace forever.

YOU KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU.

You know that I love you. And why need you ask
A question I've answered so often before?
To love you, sweet lady, is no weary task,
But 'twould be a hard one to love you aught more.

You know that I love you, or never would I
Have labored to prove it these dozen long years;
I love you, nor need you to question me why,
Since beauty in all of your features appears.

You know that I love you, for cold were my heart
If it for your beauty had nothing but praise;
So lovely, so charming, so graceful thou art
That I can but love thee the rest of my days,

HEART WHISPERS

You know that I love you; my passion burns on
In spite of the years that have vanished away,
Like flowers that open all o'er the soft lawn
And die ere the fall of another bright day.

You know that I love you, to you I have told
That sweet little secret a hundred times o'er
Since that lovely May morn we leisurely strolled
To whisper of love on the rivulet's shore.

You know that I love you, I gave you my heart
That morning as homeward we traversed our track;
Gave all of that treasure, not only a part,
And never a moment have wished for it back.

WHEN I'M NO MORE.

When I'm no more, if you should think
Of how I used to love thee,
Go let the clay one tear drop drink,
That cold clay heaped above me.
And tell thy heart on that same day:
"Beneath this earthly cover
Fast mould'ring back to silent clay
Lies thy most faithful lover."

When I'm no more, if one sweet thought
With mem'ry comes unbidden
Of how my heart so bravely fought
To keep its passion hidden,
Then tell, oh! tell thy heart within,
Though into raptures driven:
"If loving thee is all his sin
O be that sin forgiven!"

When I'm no more, if aught I've said
Should e'er appear unto thee,
Tell thy fond heart: "Now he is dead
That did so fondly woo thee."

HEART WHISPERS

And strew such blossoms o'er my clay
As may beseem thy duty,
And by that mound be free to say:
"Here sleeps the slave of beauty."

When I'm no more, if words of mine
Should please when you are older,
Then tell thy heart: "His heart was thine
Till it began to moulder.
He loved thee till the last faint breath
From his pale lips departed,
Sincere in life, sincere in death,
Fond, gentle and true-hearted."

I WENT TO BRING MY HEART BACK.

I went to bring my heart back
One lovely day in June,
And when I rose to start back
Late in the afternoon,
Sad tears began to wander
Adown her crimson cheek;
I felt my breast grow fonder
Ere she had time to speak.

I went to bring my heart back
And seat it in my breast,
She only gave a part back
And asked to keep the rest.
'Twas cruel to deprive her
Of what she long had had,
And cruel still to drive her
Ecstatic bosom mad.

HEART WHISPERS

THOU LOV'ST ME NOT.

Thou lov'st me not, but I love thee.
If thou again wouldst love me
Then Heaven with its joys would be
Around and not above me.
In years gone by the heart I ask
Lay at my feet unheeded;
I little thought how hard the task
To win it back when needed.

Thou lov'st me not; my poor heart aches
To think thy love I share not,
It burns, it bleeds, it pines, it breaks,
But yet you seem to care not.
My fire of love burns on for thee,
This heart has furnished fuel.
O how can one so lovely be
So careless and so cruel!

Thou lov'st me not; 'tis fruitless now
To pour these idle numbers
O'er where Affection's sacred vow
In cold oblivion slumbers.
Thy love would dry these useless tears,
Heal wounds that now undo me,
And throughout all my future years
Give hope and comfort to me.

Thou lov'st me not; the years steal by
And leave my bosom sighing.
Yes, and the heart for which I sigh
At other feet is lying.
At his vain feet who heeds it not
Nor cares for its caressing,
While I repine to share his lot
And make thy life a blessing.

HEART WHISPERS

SHE LOVES ME NOT.

She loves me not, and I have sighed
Thro' all these years, these tiresome years,
And I've invoked my sense of pride
To drive away these fruitless tears.
But my vain heart is doomed to ache,
And sadness is my destined lot,
My life has been a sad mistake,
And all because she loves me not.

She loves me not, and I have paid
My homage to an idle shrine:
Her lovely form was only made
To wreck this poor, proud heart of mine.
My feet would go, but earth has not
One rayless cave or desert drear
Where her fair face might be forgot,
And her sweet voice I might not hear.

She loves me not, tho' I have sung,
My heart's fond feelings to impart,
And still warm words fall from my tongue,
But fail to melt her frozen heart.
Whose verse might tell what loads of care
Have prest on this poor heart of mine,
But still her image lingers there,
I'm still a pilgrim to her shrine.

She loves me not, and I have tried
To steal my heart from her embrace;
E'en tried to find some gulf so wide
That it would hide her handsome face.
And tho' I ne'er may share her love,
Her heart's warm feelings ne'er secure,
May some bright angel from above
Watch o'er her life and keep it pure.

HEART WHISPERS

STANZAS TO -----.

If love is in your heart
Tell me so, tell me so,
And let me mine impart
Ere I go.
Come not in friendship's name,
For friendship is too tame,
But grant a warmer flame
Unto me and 'twill be
A blessing, not a shame,
E'en to thee.

You say you've none to love
Here below, here below,
And none 'neath Heaven above
Shares your woe.
Then why not my heart take?
For it is doomed to ache
And finally to break
Unless you such thing do
My future bliss to make,
And prove true.

You know how dear thou art
Unto me, unto me,
And you know how my heart
Bleeds for thee.
For you have heard it told,
With half a mind to scold,
And under friendship cold
Vainly tried to abide,
While love's great fountain roll'd
By your side.

I know I've warmly prest
You to tell, you to tell
Whose image in your breast
Dares to dwell.

HEART WHISPERS

Because I hoped my own,
In peace, dwelt there alone,
On Love's imperial throne;
But you try to deny
The fondness you have shown,
So, goodbye!

WOMAN.

Woman, unless you would undo me
Say not those same sweet words unto me.
Alas! my heart is pining, grieving,
And woman glories in deceiving.
If such you seek, dismiss your folly
Nor fill my life with melancholy.
If love you have, at once bestow it,
Nor dare to kill the hapless poet.

Woman, my sad heart lies before thee,
Thou art my shrine and I adore thee;
Thou hast been wooed by suitors royal,
But none has ever proved more loyal;
No fonder heart has homage paid thee
Since Heaven's hand in Eden made thee;
And as thou'rt all in all unto me,
Then seek to soothe and not undo me.

IT PAINS MY BREAST.

Lady, it pains my breast
And sends a shudder thro' me
To think how you've caressed
And now would fain undo me.
But why rehearse
In uncouth verse

HEART WHISPERS

What only serves to grieve us?
For passion makes
Some huge mistakes,
And struggles to deceive us.

Lady, I'm so distressed
I feel unpleasant near thee,
I'll go where Earth's broad breast
Some prospect has to cheer me.
Her wildest glen
Is charming when
Our birds become unclever.
The rocks high piled,
In woodland's wild,
Are dearer then than ever.

Lady, you grieve my breast,
And as we met, we sever.
I go in search of rest,
Farewell, farewell, forever!
Earth's rudest hill
Is kinder still
To man than murd'rous woman.
Too late! too late!
Why did I wait?
I knew that I was human!

Lady, you please my breast;
Fresh charms I now discover.
Well, earth no spot possessed
Where could have dwelt your lover.
I thought you had
Some failings bad,
But I was in an error.
Since I am thine,
And thou art mine,
You cease to be a terror.

HEART WHISPERS

O SAY NOT.

O say not that friendship alone
Is all you have for me!
Friendship has ne'er such glances thrown
As I have caught from thee.

O say not that thy shipwrecked heart,
On wedlock's stormy sea,
In passion's game has play'd its part,
And feels no warmth for me!

SWEET LADY, GOODBYE.

My heart is a rover,
And broad oceans over,
My pathway may go.
It is as I told thee,
But think not I scold thee
For giving the blow.
Since gone is my treasure,
And with it my pleasure,
O what verse can measure
My bosom's sad throe!
Wild, wild is the motion
Of the broad, broad ocean
O'er which I shall go.

I heard the low groaning
Of these billows moaning
In moments gone by.
But Beauty when smiling
Is tempting, beguiling,
To bosom and eye;
I paused to believe thee,
You sought to deceive me,

HEART WHISPERS

And aimed but to grieve me
And cause me to sigh;
Hope's star has gone by me,
Care's midnight is nigh me,
Sweet lady, goodbye.

NOT YET.

Not yet, O weary heart! not yet
Have we put one fair creature by,
Nor has time taught us to forget
The brilliance of one bright blue eye.
I fain would sip from Lethe's stream
Since life's so like an idle dream.
Yes, fain would act Dame Reason's part
And teach my bosom to forget;
Would drive one fair face from my heart,
But some strange power forbids it yet.

Not yet, O weary heart! not yet
Are we from Beauty's thralldom free,
And Hope from Passion's parapet
Discerns no light on Fortune's sea.
Poor heart! in manhood's early spring
Fate brought these painful songs we sing.
And we would fain unlearn the lore
That once we strove so hard to get;
Would kneel at Hattie's feet no more,
But some strange power forbids it yet.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, my sweetest sweet.
Yet I am leaving
My poor heart at thy feet
Distressed and grieving.

HEART WHISPERS

Sad heart ordained to take
 Its portion sadly,
Because it dared to make
 True love so madly.
When this affection came
 We felt it plainly,
And nursed the tender flame,
 But nursed it vainly.

Farewell, my fairest fair.
 Although I love thee,
Of late some clouds of care
 Are come above me.
Our love, though true and warm,
 Is doomed to perish,
Nor need thine angel form
 A hope to cherish.
If all my love for thee
 Had not been spoken,
I might have borne to see
 Thy poor heart broken.

Farewell, my dearest dear,
 Farewell forever.
Vain is this painful tear
 For we must sever.
My poor proud heart to thine
 Pays homage duly,
And knowing thine to mine,
 Distracts me truly.
But may thy life be sweet,
 Mine be the sorrow;
As strangers let us meet,
 If on the morrow.

HEART WHISPERS

O WOMAN.

O woman! dear woman! my love lays are over,
And some one more favored thy praises may sing;
My heart is still true but my Muse is a rover
And bargains with Fancy to lend her a wing.

O woman! dear woman! discard not the lover
Whose heart as an offering has burdened your shrine;
Since early in boyhood he chanced to discover
That passion is friendship, but friendship divine.



PATRIOTIC LAYS

AMERICA.

America, grand and glorious,
The brightest offspring of the world,
And in ev'ry land victorious
Where'er thy flag has been unfurl'd.

Bright region of our birth, we love thee;
Our hearts are ever on thy shrine;
Like Phoebus in the skies above thee
May'st thou thro' future ages shine.

Be thou the pole star to the nations
That led the world ere thou wert born;
Let infamy, with its temptations,
Henceforth, receive its meed of scorn.

May envy, hatred, strife and malice
To union, peace and love give place;
Let Freedom's flag from Freedom's palace
Ride not the breeze to our disgrace.

We feel that Providence has made thee
To be the great World's life and heart,
And in the matchless power array'd thee,
Designed to play a noble part.

Then be what Heav'n sought to make thee,
The home of freedom, love and fame,
And Fortune's smile will ne'er forsake thee
Or vile dishonor stain thy name.

America, though nations hate thee,
And gladly would thy prospects blight,
Be true, for triumphs yet await thee
If thou persist in doing right.

HEART WHISPERS

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

In weeds of mourning Freedom stood,
 Stained with a nation's gore,
And Washington, less great than good,
 Her reeking standard bore.

The scene had closed, the time was up,
 Fate's Gordian knot had slipped,
And Peace from stale Oppression's cup
 The poison dregs had sipped.

In arms our brave forefathers rose
 At Freedom's dying groan,
And England found her direst foes
 In nurslings of her own.

Yes, found, too late, her unweaned child
 No dearth of valor nursed;
And saw from woodlands rude and wild
 A race of heroes burst.

Half armed, half fed, those veterans bore
 The horrors of the fray,
And heard the English lion roar
 In jungles far away.

The sun-brown hand that held the gun
 To slay an Indian foe,
Against a royal Briton's son
 Might aim as sure a blow.

The men that grew in wilds afar,
 To hew the forests down,
Were nerved to wrench the brightest star
 From England's gorgeous crown.

Brave men and true Columbia gave
 At Fate-sent Glory's dawn;
And earth has seen no nobler grave
 Than his who led them on.

HEART WHISPERS

VALLEY FORGE.

'Twas dark, and Freedom's light had gone
From Fortune's firmament;
The patriot's sword seemed vainly drawn,
His blood as vainly spent.
Our Nation's heart was on the rack,
And Valor's pulse was low,
Hope's footlights by her future track
Cast but a feeble glow.

Faint voices to high Heav'n appealed,
And fervent prayers went up,
Imploping aid to sweep the field
And pass the bitter cup.
While Valor grasped the battle blade
And went to meet the foe,
Undaunted in hot blood to wade
Since Fate decreed it so.

The red coats came with song and shout,
And hands upraised to pour
Destruction's awful vials out
On our delightful shore,
Not dreaming that in time of need
From hill top, wood and glen,
To purchase liberty or bleed,
Had come such fearless men.

The days dragged on, sad, dark and slow
'Mid howling Winter's rage;
Bare feet left footprints in the snow
And names on Glory's page.
Those starving men by Valor led,
Immortal triumphs wrought:
Wrung vict'ry from the hand that bled
And useful lessons taught.

HEART WHISPERS

On many a plain those armies met,
By mountains, wood and flood,
With sabre, ball and bayonet
To spill heroic blood.
At length the dawn of Fortune's day
The will of Heav'n reveal'd,
And stern John Bull's stronghold gave way
On Yorktown's fatal field.

JACKSON'S ADDRESS

To his Soldiers at New Orleans.

Strike, comrades, for glory, we fight not to yield,
Let's conquer the red coats or sleep on the field.
Our banner is hoisted o'er soldiers as brave
As ever have fallen a nation to save.
Make ready to battle with foemen who come
To grapple with death at the tap of the drum;
Be mindful of beauty's true sacredness now
And tarnish the laurels on Packenham's brow.

The legions are coming, hark! hark to the drum!
Let's deal them destruction as fast as they come.
It is ours to triumph, not think of defeat,
And England's proud banner shall fall at our feet.
Strike, comrades, in vengeance, make deadly the fray,
Our glory depends on our conduct to-day.
Unflinching we meet them, our utmost to do;
A kingdom this morning's fierce combat shall rue.

HEART WHISPERS

ON THE EVE OF OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

On, on, with bayonet and sword,
Hoist up the standard high'r,
Pour out upon the Spanish horde
Destruction, death and fire.
O Spain! thy arms, tho' red with gore,
Shall yet be made to yield.
We'll teach thy Dons to war no more,
Or leave them on the field.

On, on, 'tis Heav'n's hand that leads
Columbia's fearless band
To where a nation's Freedom bleeds
By grim Oppression's hand.
'Tis ours to rend their captives' chains,
Their wives and children free,
And rear upon the Cuban plains
The shrine of liberty.

AFTER THE WAR.

'Twas fearful, but 'tis over,
And Peace returns to dwell
From whence Oppression drove her
With sabre, grape and shell.
Like grass they fell before us,
Expiring in their gore,
'Twas Fortune's hand that bore us
Down on the Cuban shore.

The bloody work is ended,
The murd'rous cannons cease,
And Freedom's chain is mended
With th' golden link of Peace.
Now, Cubans, on to glory!
Let naught your steps delay,
Columbia's hands are gory
Because of you to-day.

HEART WHISPERS

DON'T SEND HIM HERE.

The voice of American Freedom is supposed to speak in the following lines when Bonaparte made application to Wellington for passports to the United States of America.

Don't send him here.
In Heaven's sacred name transfer
Us no one that ye fear.
We nursed an Arnold, grew a Burr,
And others may appear.

Don't send him here.
He drenched the earth in human gore,
He knows no virtue dear,
And soon would make my shining shore
Black as a murderer's bier.

Don't send him here.
My champion sleeps, his grave is wet
With many a pious tear,
And foreign Valor shudders yet
His matchless name to hear.

Don't send him here.
He waved Destruction's iron hand
O'er empires far and near,
Drove Peace from frozen Switzerland
And filled her heart with fear.

Don't send him here.
His sordid heart no goodness knows,
Conquest alone is dear,
Where rapine's lawless current flows
He seeks his course to steer.

Don't send him here.
The foot would stain Columbia's shore
And spoil her bright career
That left its print in Austrian gore
By Russian Freedom's bier.

HEART WHISPERS

Don't send him here.
He cast away his faithful wife
For lack to fill her sphere,
And found by the wayside of life
A paramour as dear.

Don't send him here.
The lordly Alps no barrier formed
To check his mad career;
'Mid winter's snows his legions stormed
Those mountains wild and drear.

Don't send him here.
When Moscow's embers round him lay
With prospect dark and drear,
The tear that wet his cheek that day
Was not a pitying tear.

Don't send him here.
Old Earth has caves and caverns wide,
The sounding ocean near,
Where foreign despots may reside,
So bring not murderers here.

Don't send him here.
In teaching men to call him great
He taught some truths severe;
A million homes made desolate
Attest it with a tear.

NOTES

Page 10.

Farewell, farewell, the briny tear

Was addressed to a beautiful and accomplished young lady on the eve of her departure for her home in the South, from which she had fled during a Yellow Fever epidemic.

Page 12.

Who bathed the world in blood and tears
To leave himself a name.

"The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Caesar has been usually estimated at two millions of men."—Thos. Campbell's Note.

Page 13.

And doubtless is as blest as he
Whose wish one world obeyed.

Alexander the Great, who, having conquered the world, is said to have wept because there were no more worlds to conquer.

Page 13.

And he who shook the sword awhile
O'er half a world subdued,
Was lain on stern Helena's isle
In peace and quietude.

Napoleon Bonaparte, who died and was buried on the rocky island of St. Helena, six thousand miles from his native home.

Page 17.

She loved, she mused, she warbled here
When life's full tide was swelling,
And as they were these walls appear
Ere they became her dwelling.

These lines were suggested on passing the long abandoned home of a beautiful young poetess.

NOTES

Page 27.

And thou must sleep, so fare thee well
Although thy task is incomplete.

This poem and the preceding one were produced in early life during a long and serious illness when I expected soon to change worlds. This being intended for the last effort of my Muse.

Page 29.

Hadst thou not sighed o'er thy ill-fated brave,
And shed thy secret tears by Freedom's grave?

See Moore's lines on the Irish patriot, Robert Emmett, beginning—

"O breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid."

Page 29.

Hadst thou not used thy wit to save thy neck
When Treason's ill-planned project came to wreck?

See *Memoirs of Thos. Moore*, to Gall and Ingles' Ed. of his poems.

Page 29.

Why take from the same hand a worthless bone
That forced out Irish Freedom's dying groan?

"Moore accepted the appointment to the office of Registrar in the Admiralty Court of Bermuda." See Gall and Ingles' *Memoirs*.

Page 29.

That pack-horse with his same old striped sack
And half a clothing-house upon his back.

The Irish peddlers that used to throng the country were accustomed to wrap their goods in a striped cloth, (bed ticking), and carry them on their backs.

Page 29.

O, sir! our Jackson met your Packenham.

Gen. Andrew Jackson defeated Sir Edward Packenham at New Orleans, Jan. 8, 1815.

Page 29.

Our chief once entertained the English horde
And by his kindness won Cornwallis' sword.

Lord Cornwallis, commander-in-chief of the British forces, surrendered to Gen. George Washington at Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781.

NOTES

Page 30.

Yes, sleep entombed in dirty Goose Creek's bed.

"A little stream runs through the city (Washington) which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose Creek."—Tom. Moore's Note.

Page 31.

O scorn him not tho' thou canst find
No comfort in his sweetest strain!

These lines were written to a young lady, who had been reading my copy of Byron's Poems, and on returning it appeared displeased with "Poor, proud Byron."

Page 33.

An hour with thee: how could I ask
Aught more of happiness?

Was occasioned by a young lady's invitation to "Call and spend an hour beneath her parental roof."

Page 34.

My home is now my home no more.

These stanzas were written in reply to the following elegant lines printed on a beautiful floral card that was handed to the author by a handsome and attractive young widow in the autumn of 1880:

"As thro' the world alone I roam,
Whate'er in life my lot may be,
I'd give it all to share thy home,
To pass my happy life with thee.
Oh! then if sorrow come or care
My heart would find its sure relief
To know that thou wert ever there
To share my ev'ry joy and grief."

Page 35.

O sir! I ask no pompons pile
To mark the spot where I am laid.

A friend once remarked in my presence: "Should I survive you I will have a monument erected to your memory."

NOTES

Page 37.

Take back the flowers, take back the flowers,
Thy gift has been too long delay'd.

Early in the spring of 1884 I was doing some work by the road side, when a beautiful girl on passing threw a bunch of daisies at my feet. I had rented a farm that season and was living alone, doing my own work in and out of doors.

Page 38.

The Grecian's cup I'd rather drink
Than cause thee shed one timid tear.
Socrates.

Page 40.

And thou hast lingered, knelt and wept
Beside the grave where Valor slept.

"In the churchyard two broad flagstones marked the grave of Robert Bruce, for whose memory Burns had more than common veneration. He knelt and kissed the stone with sacred fervor."—*Memoirs of Robert Burns.*

Page 41.

And Gray's, a gem in ev'ry age,
Rang sweetly in my boyish ear.
Thos. Gray's famous "Elegy in a Country Church Yard."

Page 41.

Thy chirping notes lend Pollock's lay
A pathos rare, a cadence deep.
Robert Pollock's "Course of Time."

Page 41.

And White awakes the harp to weep
Henry Kirke White.

Page 41.

And Moore with Freedom's spirit soared
Till Erin shook her galling chains.

See Thomas Moore's "Irish Melodies."

Page 41.

And Goldsmith, thro' his mellow strain,
At ev'ry step made hallowed ground.

See Oliver Goldsmith's poem, "The Traveler."

NOTES

Page 42.

I've heard thee sing when Halleck showed
His rev'rence for the peasant's powers.

See Fitz Green Halleck's poem on Burns, beginning—

“The memory of Burns, a name
That calls, when brimmed her festive cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up.”

Page 42.

Thy song was heard while Rogers came
With glowing pictures of the past.

See the “Pleasures of Memory,” by Samuel Rogers.

Page 43.

Then with more zeal I struck the am'rous lyre,
Than e'er the madman beat the walls of Tyre.

Alexander the Great, who for seven months besieged the city of Tyre. See Plutarch, page 474.

Page 43.

My heart o'erflowed with purer bliss the while
Than Sylla's when he caught Valeria's smile.

See Plutarch, page 334.

Page 46.

Of him who loved the battlefield,
Proud bird, thou hast reminded me.

See Headley's “Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,” pages 16-18.

Page 47.

Ah! never till the last sad sand
Of Time is run and all is o'er,
Shall Wallace, Tell, Bruce, Emmet and
Our Washington survive no more.

William Wallace and Robert Bruce, of Scotland, William Tell of Switzerland, Robert Emmet of Ireland and George Washington of America.

Page 48.

He sleeps who woke Columbia's noblest song.

Bryant's “Thanatopsis” is perhaps the most sublime effort of American genius.

NOTES

Page 53.

He sleeps, with no fond heart to keep
Her vigils by his bed.

This gentleman was the author of several volumes of verse, not one of which ever found its way to the press. Being a man of irritable temper he destroyed his manuscripts after spending his life in their composition. He died a bachelor in the afternoon of life.

Page 56.

'Tis sev'n o'clock. 'tis past; Time steals along.

I was born at 7 o'clock in the evening.

Page 61.

I slumbered till consumption's iron grip
Had snapped Life's chord and her bright spirit freed.

My mother died of consumption when I was in my fourteenth year.

Page 63.

We loved him, but he sank to rest
With sad September's roses.

John Greenleaf Whittier died on the 7th of Sept. 1892.

Page 63.

For echoed in his plaintive strain
I hear "Maud Muller" sighing.

See Whittier's poem, "Maud Muller."

Page 64.

I hear in painful numbers told
Why he was forced to sever
With her who slumbers still and cold.

See Whittier's "Stanzas suggested by the letter of a friend," beginning—

"I see thee still before me even
As when we parted."

Page 64.

Who may not feel his heart expand?
Who may not feel elated?

See Whittier's poem beginning thus—

"Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning."

NOTES

Page 64.

Since he is gone, ah! he for whom
These numbers were intended.

I began this poem with the expectation of sending a copy of it to Lord Tennyson, but before it was completed the papers gave notification of the Laureate's death. The poem was written before I had seen Whittier's "Snow Bound" and "Among the Hills."

Page 65.

Sleep on beneath that grand and stately pile.

Sir Alfred, Lord Tennyson was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Page 65.

When thoughtless, homeless, brilliant Chatterton
With his own hand put his sad heart to sleep.

The young English poet, Thomas Chatterton.

Page 65.

When Fate the tender thread of life had cleft,
And gen'rous White in death lay cold and still.

Henry Kirke White of England.

Page 66.

The last sweet minstrel of our famous choir.

Mr. Whittier was the last survivor of the choir composed of Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck, Emerson and Willis.

Page 66.

I seem to hear sad Albion proclaim
Her love and grief for her immortal one.

Albion is the ancient name for England.

Page 67.

O Peace! thou bird with plumage bright,
Come back and spread thy gentle wings.
O'er green Columbia's breast.

This ode was written just at the close of our war with Spain.

Page 81.

E'en of her own low hum afraid,
"Of her own gentle voice afraid,"

Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh."

NOTES

Page 83.

Of my young heart great care they took
Lest Payne should sow some seed in.

Thomas Payne, the infidel and author of the "Age of Reason."

Page 91.

Me to the shore I've loved so long
Endeared by Burns' lay;

In early life, with Fancy, I made a pilgrimage to the grave
of the Scottish minstrel, Robert Burns.

Page 108.

At parting she gave it and whispered "Goodby."

Was suggested on receiving a boquet of beautiful, young
Miss ———

Page 112.

Her numbers were sweeter than Little's smooth line.

"Thomas Moore's early amatory poems were published under the
name of Thomas Little."—Byron's Note.

Page 141.

The scene had closed, the time was up
Fate's Gordian knot had slipped.

See "Goldsmith's Greece," page 279. "Plutarch's Lives," page
471.

Page 143.

Be mindful of beauty's true sacredness now,
And tarnish the laurels on Packenham's brow.

Gen. Packenham had promised his soldiers forty-eight hours
pillage and rapine in the City of New Orleans. The watchword
and countersign of the enemy on the morning of the 8th was "Beauty
and Booty." Frost's "Lives of American Generals," page 761.

Page 145.

My champion sleeps, his grave is wet
With many a pious tear.

Gen. George Washington.

Page 146.

When Moscow's embers round him lay
With prospect dark and drear,
The tear that wet his cheek that day
Was not a pitying tear.

Bonaparte is said to have shed tears on seeing a soldier cook-
ing his meal on the embers of a church in the ruins of Moscow.

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